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Suffer the little children to come unto me;

1st John. 5th Mark. 14^v

BEAUTIES
OF
SACRED LITERATURE.

ILLUSTRATED BY EIGHT STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

EDITED BY

THOMAS WYATT, A. M.

AUTHOR OF "THE SACRED TABLEAUX," ETC. ETC.

“Scatter diligently in susceptible minds
The germs of the Good and the Beautiful !
They will develop there to trees, bud, bloom,
And bear the golden fruit of Paradise.”

LADIES
NEW-ENGLAND ART UNION.
9 BOW STREET, CHARLESTOWN.
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PREFACE.

HE is supremely happy, who, by well directed efforts, is able to advance the cause of Sacred Literature, and the means of unfolding to the reader of holy things, those mysteries of the Bible which to some are so dark and intricate.

The Editor rejoices that he is permitted to be the instrument in the presentation of the following work to the Christian public. In it he trusts is embodied, under the names of truly eminent writers, a mass of sacred erudition; where the most remarkable incidents in the Holy Scriptures are clearly elucidated, and made equal to the capacity of the humblest reader.

He would here present his grateful thanks to those who so generously aided him in this valuable work; and refer them to that beautiful promise of the same Bible from which they have chosen their subjects: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

T. W.

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C. J. Lamb

“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME
UNTO ME.”

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER, ESQ.

ABOVE me hangs a Picture — one that Art
And Genius have combined, with rare success,
To make a master-piece. No common soul,
In idle dreaming, fancied the design ;
But Inspiration, with her secret spell,
Sat by the Artist's side, and on his hand
Her finger press'd, that, when his pencil moved
O'er the fair page, its lines were her's — not his :
CHRIST with His crown of thorns and broken reed !
How rare a Face ! The thoughtless passer stands
Transfixed, as that meek, mournful eye meets his,
And sees no longer Art's elaborate work,
But CHRIST Himself, as on that mournful day
He bore the scourge, and drank the mingled draught.
How o'er my vision pass the varied scenes

Of His eventful life, till, lost in thought,
I almost bow the knee and lift my voice,
Assured that 't is no counterfeit I see.

I can forgive the worshipper who bows
Before this image, for I feel the power
It has to teach the heart.

It teacheth me :

For ever, as I gaze, I see the LORD
In some great scene He mingled in on earth,
And, even now, the ages roll away,
And I am taken back amid the crowd
That hung upon his path in Holy Land.
The vision deepens — let me write it here : —

'T was evening in Judea.

Through the day
The Saviour taught the people, and the crowd
Still lingered, for the magic of His words
Held every ear, and gently won their hearts.

Old men all their infirmities forgot,
And swelled the number of His anxious train :
Women were there, for He, whose voice they heard,
Was unto them invested with a garb
That won their gentle hearts with magic power.

All classes had their representatives :
The artisan forgot his implements. —

The hewers and the drawers left their toil —
The poor had holiday when He appeared.

Thus through the day, untired, the Saviour toiled,
And taught the people till the evening closed,
And nature bade them seek their homes again.

Yet did not all depart: a little group
Still lingered, and, with timid steps, approached
The Teacher, ere He passed beyond their town.
And they were mothers: each had clasped in hers
The little hands of children, or their breasts
Sustained the infants, yet unused to walk.

What sought they of the Saviour, that they bore
Their offspring in their weary arms so late,
And followed Him so far? Thus were they asked,
And by the Lord's disciples bade return,
Who yet rebuked them that they still pursued.

Not thus the Saviour: with a smile of love
He gently turned, rebuking them instead,
And bade the suppliants hasten to his side.

And then He stood, while, round His sacred feet,
The little cherubs clustered on their knees,
And lifted up His hands and blessed them all.
I see Him now: His lovely face is clothed
With a peculiar holiness and love,
From the eternal depth of those pure eyes,
Beams with unusual radiance.

He prays,
And to His Father doth commend the lambs
That are the emblems of His flock in heaven.
Then gently stooping, to His sacred breast
He folds them, one by one : on each pure brow
His holy lips are pressed ; and then He says,
“ My Father’s kingdom is of such as these.”

How blest those mothers as from His embrace
They took again their children to their own !
How blest those children, into whose young hearts
The Spirit of their Holy Saviour stole !

And so the Lord passed on, ere long to be
The King in mockery as I see Him now.

THE TEMPEST STILLED.

BY THE REV. I. GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.

THE strong winds burst on Judah's sea,
Far peal'd the raging billow,
The fires of heaven flash'd wrathfully,
When Jesus press'd his pillow ;
The light frail bark was fiercely toss'd,
From surge to dark surge leaping,
For sails were torn and oars were lost,
Yet Jesus still lay sleeping.

When o'er that bark the loud waves roar'd,
And blasts went howling round her,
Those Hebrews rous'd their wearied Lord,—
“ Lord ! help us, or we founder ! ”
He said, “ Ye waters, peace, be still ! ”
The chaf'd waves sank reposing,
As wild herds rest on field and hill,
When clear calm days are closing.

And turning to the startled men
Who watch'd that surge subsiding,
He spake in mournful accents then
These words of righteous chiding, —
“ O ye, who thus fear wreck and death,
As if by Heaven forsaken,
How is it that ye have no faith,
Or faith so quickly shaken ? ”

Then, then, those doubters saw with dread
The wondrous scene before them ;
Their limbs wax'd faint, their boldness fled,
Strange awe stole creeping o'er them : —
“ This, this, they said, is Judah's Lord,
For powers divine array Him :
Behold ! He does but speak the word,
And winds and waves obey Him ! ”

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

BY TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

THE greatness and splendor of Babylon, the prophecies and omens that preceded its fall, and the deep shadows of Divine displeasure which have rested upon the spot for ages, combine to render the Chaldean city an object of universal but melancholy interest. Situated in the most fertile portion of Western Asia, this metropolis possessed the varied riches and resources which are the united tribute of commerce, agriculture and art. In its marts, the emeralds and jaspers of Bactria, the gold-dust and dye-stuffs of India, the myrrh and the frankincense of Arabia, the pearls and the spices of Eastern Islands, the wool of Cashmire, and the ivory of Africa, were exchanged by Phœnician traffickers for the fine linen and embroidered vestments of Chaldean looms, and the luxuriant products of Babylonian gardens. In its midst, with eight towers one above another, rose the colossal temple of Belus,

from whose summit the earliest astronomers gazed nightly at the stars, and whose mystic chambers were enriched and beautified with the spoils of vanquished nations, and the idolatrous offerings of ages. Still more conspicuous for architectural magnificence was the palace of the kings,—made famous by the hanging gardens which travellers from Athens praised, and which were adorned with those trees and flowers that Amytis had loved in her mountain-home of Ecbatana. Around the city were walls three hundred feet in height, seventy-five feet in width, and nearly fifty miles in extent. The inclosed area was divided into six hundred and seventy-six squares, variously appropriated to buildings, pleasure-grounds and gardens. One hundred gates of massive brass opened to afford egress into the surrounding country; and from two hundred and fifty towers the sentinels kept constant watch for invaders and foes. Such, briefly, was the famous Babylon, whose foundation fable ascribes to Semiramis, but which, history informs us, was greatly enlarged and beautified by Nebuchadnezzar and the Queen Nitocris.

But when this imperial metropolis had ascended to the loftiest heights of earthly greatness; when captive monarchs mourned within its prison walls,

and enslaved nations followed the homeward march of its triumphant armies ; when unnumbered worshippers thronged the courts of Belus, and pagan superstition invested the ministering priests with matchless wisdom and power ; at that very time the inspired prophet of God pronounced against the city these memorable but awful words : “ Thus saith the Lord of hosts ; The broad walls of Babylon shall be utterly broken, and her high gates shall be burned with fire. And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons : It shall be a wilderness, a dry land, and a desert. And wild beasts of the desert, with the wild beasts of the islands, shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein : and it shall be no more inhabited for ever ; neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation.” *

The stream of time rolled along, and bore on its bosom the fulfilment of the prophetic denunciation. On a banquet night, — when the doom of Belshazzar, traced by no earthly hand, still blazed upon the palace walls, — the Medes and Persians captured the city, and slew the impious monarch and his nobles. Cyrus, with that elevation of mind that Xenophon ascribes to him, disdained to mutilate the monu-

* Jeremiah.

ments of art ; but Darius Hystaspes, having retaken the place after a desperate revolt, broke down the walls and removed the brazen gates. Xerxes, his son, returning from his disastrous Grecian expedition, partly from a desire to overthrow the Sabian idolatry, but mainly with the design of enriching himself after the costly defeats of Salamis and Plataea, plundered the golden treasures of the temple, and left the building in ruins. The population of Babylon was greatly reduced by war, pestilence and emigration during the two hundred and fifty years succeeding its capture ; and so light were the ties which bound the remaining inhabitants to their native land, that at the founding of Seleucia on the Tigris, they chiefly removed to this new metropolis. Indeed, so deserted did the old city become, that when Strabo was there, he found it almost desolate ; and travellers of a later day reported, that the prophecies which foretold that “ Babylon should be without an inhabitant,” and “ wild beasts should dwell in her pleasant palaces,” were at length accomplished.

Thus night closed upon Babylon ; its ruin was total. The armies of Parthia and Persia, of Rome and Arabia, of Tartary and Turkey, have swept by the spot ; but whether victorious or vanquished,

their shouts or their sighs were not echoed in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. Kings and khans, emirs and emperors, caliphs and sultans, have held sway over the land ; but they did not repair to the plains of Shinar to muse over the fall of monarchs once as mighty as themselves. The march of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane lay near the ruined city ; but they turned not aside from their paths of blood to study the greatest lesson ever read to conquerors or kings. In the neighborhood, the Magi have discussed the doctrines of the Zend Avesta ; and the white flag of the Omniades, and the black banner of the Abbassides, have been unfurled by rival sects of Moslems ; but no Chaldean priest came forth from the silent temple of Belus to dispute the authority of Zoroaster or Mahomet. It seemed as if the evil spirit of the old Persian theology had triumphed over Ormuzd, the principle of light, and at last reigned with absolute dominion amid its native darkness.

Fourteen hours' ride from Bagdad, over a level country crossed by numerous decayed canals, brings the traveller to all that now remains of Babylon. The ruins are situated near the town of Hillah, and lie mainly on the eastern bank of the Euphrates. When seen from a distance, they appear like hills of

various height and extent ; but on a nearer survey, fragments of bricks and pottery, figured tiles and decayed walls, show the former residence of man. Six miles from Hillah to the south may be traced the greatest ruin in the neighborhood, called by the natives Birs Nemroud, and supposed by Rich and Porter to be the remains of the temple of Belus. The names of Mujillebé, Amran and Kasr have been assigned to the principal mounds on the north ; all of which are of vast size and objects of deep interest, but the latter is mainly important from its marking the site of the royal palace. The walls here standing, which are eight feet in thickness, are composed of the finest material ; and so well have these fragments retained their original beauty, that when first seen they look like the work of modern times. An old and solitary tree, situated three hundred feet from these walls, is all that now reminds the traveller of the princely groves that waved in the hanging gardens ; and no other trace is seen upon the ruins of that green drapery with which nature often mantles the crumbling works of art. The inhabitants of Hillah say that it is dangerous to approach either Mujillebé or Kasr after sunset, because those spots are haunted ; and persons less superstitious than modern Arabs might imagine,

that spirits of the past would indeed dwell within those colossal ruins.

As we linger among these giant foot-prints of departed empire, let us remember with reverence and fear that Almighty Being, who can thus humble the pride and the power of nations. In the morning twilight of Revelation, His prophets, who stood upon the mountains of observation, denounced Divine retribution against the impious and the idolatrous. But although these early harbingers have disappeared before the sun-light of the Christian dispensation, we yet have, proceeding from the Holy Oracle, a sure prophecy against tyranny and sin. The roll of fallen empires, which have trampled upon weakness and oppressed humanity, is not complete. The ruined cities, destined to declare through ages the terrible doom that awaits national wickedness, are not all numbered. And whatever clouds may rest upon the world's unwritten history, this at least we know — that boundless wealth, and luxuriant harvests, and broad domains, and mighty ramparts, can never avert a country's fall, unless the people be virtuous and free, and the pillars of the state be established upon the immutable foundations of Justice and Truth.

MOSES SMITING THE ROCK.

BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

THE rock, before which Moses is here represented with his people around him, proved to be a memorable place in the Hebrew annals, and one of deep and melancholy interest in the life of the Hebrew chief. It was here that he buried Miriam, his prophetic sister, in the sands of the desert; and it was here the decree was pronounced against himself, that for his mistrust and petulance, through which he had failed to sanctify the Lord in the sight of the children of Israel, he should not be permitted to lead them in to possess the promised land, towards which their march was directed. This point of their ancient history deserves attention, from the frequency with which it is alluded to, both in the Old and the New Testament. It leads forward the mind also to religious thoughts, that are distinct from the literal story, but most naturally suggested by it.



Murillo pinx.

T. Doney sc.

MOSES COMMANDING THE WATER OUT OF THE ROCK.

I cannot think of that scene in the wilderness which is here depicted, — the barren crag, the desolate prospect, the murmuring tribes and their impatient leader, the smiting of the rock and the gushing out of the waters ; without thinking at the same time of the many weary and dreary passages that befall, in human life, the mourning and rebellion of unsubdued minds, and the misgivings and unreasonableness even of faithful persons, while the miraculous goodness of God breaks forth over the whole, making refreshment and revival flow down from flinty discouragements and through the parched waste.

But before coming to the spiritual and accommodated view of the Scripture account, it will be best to take a survey of the facts themselves, as they are recorded in the books of Exodus and Numbers. The fortieth and last year of the tedious wanderings of the Israelites had now begun. But as their season of trial drew towards its close, their patience was ending likewise. They were in a land of drought. They looked to the rising and setting sun, but its hot rays were reflected from no surface of stream or lake. They were drying up with thirst. Then, in their distress, they broke into desponding complaints and mutinous reproaches.

“Would God that we had died when our brethren died! And why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this evil place; — a place without grain, or figs, or vines, or pomegranates, and where there is no water to drink?” The divine word then came to the disheartened lawgiver, that he should “speak to the rock before their eyes,” and it should yield to them the supplies that they were murmuring after. He did as he was commanded; but not in the temper of confidence or calmness that so great an occasion required. Instead of addressing the stony cliff with the dignity of his commissioned power, and the faith which his wonderful experience should have forbidden ever to fail him, his speech was turned against his people in passionate rebuke: “Hear now, ye rebels! are we to bring you water out of this rock?” Whether his sin lay in the feelings that have now been mentioned; or whether it may not be found in the arrogance, with which at such a season he could speak of himself, instead of ascribing the whole glory to God; the shortness of the account does not permit us to determine. But from that hour sentence was pronounced against both the brothers, the legislator and the priest. “Because ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children

of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them." Aaron was soon called up a mountain upon the coast of Edom, in the top of which he solemnly laid aside the robes of his office and the garment of mortality at the same moment; while Moses journeyed on a little longer, till from the summit of Mount Pisgah, with his eye undimmed and his natural force unabated, he was summoned to look his first and his last upon that country of hope, which was destined to fill so large a space in the memories and destinies of mankind.

"CAN we bring you water out of this rock?" The water nevertheless came; and that by the simple blow of a staff, since such was the good pleasure of the Lord. But as if his mercy must always stand in connection with the unreasonableness of those who need, and the unworthiness of those who enjoy it, this very gift had to be commemorated under a title of reproof. The water was named Meribah,—contention.

How many generations of men have come and gone, since those tribes of Jacob passed through their wanderings and their fate! What a long course of time has been uttering its revelations to the earth, since the prophet lifted his rod over its

divided streams and cloven mountains ! Yet the dispositions of the human heart remain as they were. There is the same spirit in the world of thankfulness and complaint. There is the same spirit from above of forbearance and bounty. The power of a gracious Providence still opens the veins of the dry stone, and gives drink in a fainting land. I will name some of these analogies. They should inspire patience and gratitude, a deeper submission to the necessities of life, a more fervent praise amidst our benefits, and a livelier faith in our prayers.

Moses said to his murmuring people, " Must we bring you water out of the rock ? " Are we expected to do it ? Are we able to do it ? And yet this miracle is continually wrought. It is performed in the world around us, the visible creation ; in the world over us, the providential course of events ; and in the world within us, the more intimate sphere of our thoughts and feelings, our truest sorrows and joys. Every where water flows from the rock ; the softest of all refreshments from the most intractable and unpromising substance that the earth bears.

NATURE is the first to work this wonder. The streams that keep all her productions fresh do not have their origin, for the most part, in the fruitful

lowlands or the gentle hills; not in spots of pleasant resort; not among the busy pursuits of men. We must seek for their outlets in rough caverns. We must trace them to their almost inaccessible springs in the mountain steeps. From thence they roll down through the rents and fissures which God has opened for them, to replenish the lower fountains, to prepare seats for rich cities upon their banks, and to fertilize the plains that would else be barren solitudes. Such is the operation of Nature. PROVIDENCE then takes up and repeats the marvellous work. It shows us perpetual instances of the most valuable blessings collected and condensed in the cells of a stern experience; flowing but at the urgent call of our wants; struck out as if by the rod of rebuke and sorrow. It is not otherwise with what is going on in the processes of the secret SOUL. The sweetest consolations are drawn along through rugged channels. The life of the noblest motives and brightest hopes is due to an upper and solemn and inexplicable source.

Look at the Christian Revelation; the Gospel of truth, grace, and joy. As we contemplate it in its dark beginnings, among the hills of Judea, among the hard trials of him who issued it, and the obdurate hearts of those who rejected it, may we not fitly

describe it as water out of the rock? There is the authority of an apostle for doing this. St. Paul refers to the very history now under consideration, and says that the people on that occasion drank of the spiritual drink that followed them, — even Christ. In whatever sense his words are to be understood, — whether he intended an actual type of the Christian faith, or was only using one of those figures of speech with which his writings abound, — he at least makes the allusion. And if it would bear to be applied to that ancient race, so long before the coming of the promised one, it may surely be adopted by us, who are the witnesses and receivers of the blessing that he has diffused over the world. “If any man thirst,” cried Jesus himself, “let him come unto me and drink. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall thirst no more; but it shall be in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life.” Now this well of mercy was opened among the most discouraging circumstances. What was there to indicate it in Bethlehem and Nazareth; in the state of the world, Jewish or Gentile; in the desert where the austere John was preaching; in the lofty and repulsive aspect of the cause, which he stood there to proclaim; in the murmurs that prevailed every where

around him of ignorant and factious men, — an unreconciled world? He who was the desire of the nations presented at first sight no form nor comeliness that any should desire him. Few were willing to partake of his offered cup, or to be washed in his baptism of afflictions. The first effect of his word, as he himself predicted, was not peace but variance. Poured out amidst striving tongues, and apparently but increasing their strife, its name was Meribah, — contention. Yet such as it was, apart from the world and placed among appearances that were severe and joyless, it was appointed and sent by the Divine Providence to renovate the earth. The solitary place was glad at its coming, and the wilderness rejoiced under it and blossomed as the rose. We who see it from this distance of time, taking its course through every climate upon the globe, strong in its deep current but merciful in its ministrations; sweeping away the refuges of lies and corruptions of ages, and wearing down with its undermining flood the proudest holds of unrighteous power, and at the same time reviving the spirit of the world's disconsolate ones; so gentle in its office as to submit to being taken up in household vessels for the feverish lips and way-worn soul of the poorest child of Adam; — we who have seen all

this may well give glory to God, who in such a marvellous way has prepared his own praise and our salvation ; who from a small and secret and gloomy origin has sent joy and life all abroad ; who out of Egypt, that land of trouble and anguish, from whence come the young and old lion, the viper and fiery serpent, has called his Son.

Such was the method in which the Lord wrought, when he set up his great covenant of compassion with his creatures below. And his ways are even. What we have seen once, we shall see again. A like arrangement with that which is found in one of his conspicuous dealings shall be displayed in the rest. If we turn from the dispensation of our holy religion to the common appointments of life, we shall be struck with the same thing ; — gracious effects from rigid causes ; — water out of the rock.

Let us go and put questions to Labor, and Hardship, and Peril, and Pain, and Deprivation, and Sorrow. They are rough materials, we know. They are not such things as in our youth we care to anticipate, or in our age we should love to lie down by. We are ready to complain, as the Hebrew hosts did, when we look up at their sharp sides, and the whole world seems to be a withered region around us. But still let us question with them. They

have an answer for us, when they are addressed in the way that God chooses, — and a friendly answer. They are not so inexorable as they appear. If we seek a blessing from them we shall find it. If we strike upon their stubborn sides they shall be opened to us. Nay, more. They offer gifts that do not depend on our reasonableness, and do not wait for our importunity. If we refuse to ask, they will still have some blessing to bestow. If we refuse to knock, they will yield of their own accord, and prove that the Eternal Benevolence did not establish them in vain. If we reflect upon them in the order in which they have just been named, we may learn to estimate them more justly and highly than is done by the general mass of unreflecting, indolent, discontented men. “Speak to the rock.”

The first is Labor. It looks arduous and difficult. The heart sinks, perhaps, at being told that it must draw from thence its most cheerful resources. And yet it must be told so. It is true. Nothing is more true. We must toil if we would have any rest. We must endeavor if we would attain to any generous satisfaction. Men may think to resist the decree. But it is as fixed as the nature of their minds and the conditions of their being. There is no more peace for those who will do nothing, than for those

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who do worse. Effort, strenuously maintained, and in view of worthy objects, is as strong a pledge for the enjoyment as it is for the usefulness of life.

Hardship and Peril rise next. There is nothing lovely in their frowning eminences. It will not be strange if we are sometimes dismayed at them; if, like the children of Israel who wished they could retreat into Egypt, we vainly long to return to our careless childhood again; where if we were restrained we were fed, and if our employments were less honorable they were more secure. But while the law of the Universe forbids us either to go back or to pause, it teaches us that from the very hindrances we dread will descend experience and skill and fortitude; the vigor of resistance and the joy of escape; the animation of those who are able to abide and willing to encounter the worst; the noble consciousness of a strength within to react against every obstacle and misadventure.

Pain, and Deprivation, and Sorrow, are the last to appear in this survey. They are more common than the difficulties that were before named. No one is long exempted from one or the other of these; while the demands for great exertion are often remitted, and hardship and imminent danger are to many scarcely known. These are

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more depressing, too, than the rest. They do not summon the same activity to surmount them. They prompt the words of the drooping Israelites: "Would God that we had died when our brethren died!" But God has ordained it so, that there should be shed from the sad and cruel passages in our lives peculiar benefits. Samson's riddle becomes a sober truth to the obedient heart. "Out of the devourer cometh forth food, and out of the terrible one cometh forth sweetness." — Wherever any one is made more faithful by being humbled under the hand of God, or grows better prepared by what he suffers, there is honey out of the lion. There shall be a hive between his jaws. The very bitterness of grief shall be turned into comforts. From occasional suffering, loneliness and loss, sober reflections and kind sympathies are diffused over the mind. A peace comes in better than that which was interrupted, and a hope better than the one destroyed. We learn how to be submissive. We learn where to put our trust. The goodness of God and the resources of the soul are seen to be independent of all outward things.

It may be that the heart of some sorrowful or desponding reader has followed me through the few pages that I have written upon the picture of Moses

smiting the rock. Let me claim its acquaintance, if I have been read by any such. Let me take the privilege with him of the preacher that I am, and say to him as we part: Be re-assured, thou anxious one, thou afflicted one! Trials may break out into unexpected comforts. You may add another to the crowd of those, who have found it good for them that they were put to grief. Remember that God is the Rock, and the High God the Redeemer. Remember the endurances and the glory of the Son of Man. Remember the brave examples of those whom his Gospel has taught patience, and be neither murmuring nor faint in your mind.

JESUS CHRIST,

THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER.

BY REV. C. C. VANARSDALE, D. D.

MORTAL! would'st thou know thy God?

Though from human eyes conceal'd,
In the path the Saviour trod,

View his character reveal'd;
As you see it there display'd

To the sons of grief or shame,
Though in glory now array'd,

“Jesus Christ is still the same.”

See his eye with holy fire

Flashing on the bold in sin;
Hear his words of dreadful ire

To the soul defil'd within;
Endless wrath — remorse — and gloom —

Agony — and quenchless flame,
He declares shall be their doom;

“Jesus Christ is still the same.”

See him in his gentle love,
Drying contrite sinners' tears,
Pointing them to joys above,
Hope inspiring — hushing fears ;
See him cheering — blessing all,
Who as humble suppliants came ;
None in vain for mercy call,
“ Jesus Christ is still the same.”

See him ever guarding those,
Who, in truth, in him rely,
With an arm to crush their foes,
With a love that cannot die ;
Though the world grow cold or strange,
Through all sorrow, toil, or shame,
He will never — never change —
“ Jesus Christ is still the same.”



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DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

BY REV. M. A. DE WOLF HOWE.

WHAT majesty is in the form and demeanor of this undaunted hero ! There is not one muscle that shrinks, nor one nerve that quivers on his lordly frame. His entire nature is in concert with his triumphant spirit. He is a picture of true heroism, where the soul is so great in its confidence, that it precludes the timid suggestions of reason, and endows even the flesh with an unflinching hardihood. See how erect he stands ! His knees do not tremble, or smite one against another. He does not recede with involuntary horror, as the savage beasts gather to his feet. He does not even watch them, as their fiery eye-balls glare upon him from the black recesses of their den. He does not try the power of the human eye, to keep in awe the fierceness of the most insatiate among those lower creatures over which God once gave man dominion. There is no expression of command, no trace of

defiance, no agony of fear on his heavenward countenance. His eye is fixed on the supernal Source of his pious confidence. His face is luminous with the sentiment of another ancient worthy. "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. He that keepeth me will not sleep." In a moment the place is all alight with the glory of a messenger from the Almighty. "He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire." One that stood amid the hierarchy of heaven, beholding unveiled the face of God, in a flash of time is crouching in a den of the earth, charged to pray the lions from the faithful Prophet, and to "shut their mouths." It is night, and Daniel is in a deep cave, from which even the light of stars is excluded by a sealed stone that covers its mouth. But there is no darkness in that abyss. The light of a heavenly presence is there. Caused to fly swiftly, the angel is still radiant with the splendors of his high abode; and at every rustling of his wings there flashes out a glory that, like a thousand gleaming lances, keeps the lions at bay. But, see, the Prophet does not even look on his illustrious attendant! The majesty of his faith speaks out in that high abstraction. The howling of the ravenous

beasts could not divert his eye from God, when danger bade him look upward in entreaty and earnest expectation; no more can the brightness of a present angel attract his gaze, now that security prompts him to render back the tribute of love and gratitude to the Almighty, who both empowered and sent forth this ministering spirit.

Daniel's position in the Medo-Persian kingdom had been one of transcendent honor. He owned no superior but the king. The deference of every noble in the land had been his due. Homage obsequious, and universal as ambition could desire, had been rendered to him. Yet, in all the magnificence of his state he never received an obeisance so honorable to his character, so indicative of his pre-eminence among men, as that which now courts his feet! He never stood upon a level of command so sublime and elevated, as that whereon he now enchains our notice — the monarch of the forest, and the principalities and powers in heavenly places, at once bending before him. And the secret of his supremacy here, in the wild beasts' lair, is the same which elevated him to the first presidency of a kingdom, wherein the captivity of his people had brought him as a vassal. "*Because he believed in his God;*" therefore "an excellent spirit was in him;" there

fore "was he faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." He had been no more captivated by the blandishments of the court, than frightened from his propriety by the roaring of the lions. His eye was ever fixed on God, insomuch that he could see nothing on earth which he recognized as possessing power either to exalt or injure him. The picture, which shows him erect and heaven-seeking, alike while lions growl to excite his fears, and when a serving angel with ready obedience comes to inflame his pride, is the symbol of his spirit's attitude, in that earlier post of trial, when the favor of a king tempted his vanity, and the malice of his rivals laid siege against his courage.

Daniel's heroism in the lion's den is the result of deliberate forecast, and calm anticipation of his danger, and of his only recourse for protection. He knew that in the pursuit of a career from which he could not turn, this frightful doom would be visited upon him. "The law of the Medes and Persians is, — that no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed." An ordinance had been extorted from the king by the importunity of his nobles, which, in fidelity to God, the Prophet could not obey. And the penalty of transgression

was made a part of the law, — to “be cast into the den of lions.” The alternative was fearful. Some religious minds would have solved the problem of duty differently from Daniel. They would have justified desistance from a practice of ordinary obligation, at a juncture when life itself would be the certain forfeit of its continuance. The law was to remain in force but thirty days. Is it right to forego — some would have asked — the opportunities to serve God, and to do good in one’s generation which might throng the years of future life, merely to seize occasion for one act of holy daring, and perish in its performance? Is it not rather a defiance than a trust of the providence of God? And might not prayer be offered acceptably to God, and yet not offensively to bloodthirsty man? Would not the unabated yearning for communion with Heaven, the daily uplifting of pious desire, suffice to meet his demands on the devotion of his servant, “who looketh not on the appearance, but on the heart?” These are specious words. If the thoughts which they express ever perplexed the mind of the Prophet, they found him prepared with counter considerations of paramount weight and importance. His daily devotions had become by the act of his enemies, and the weak compliance of the king,

something more than an interview between him and his God. They were now the tests of his principle — the manifestations to an heathen court of the strength of an Hebrew's attachment to his fathers' God — and the measure of his reliance on his protecting power. Talk of saving his life for future usefulness to his kind, and prolonged service to the Almighty! Why, if he falters now, his influence will become lighter than vanity itself. The breath which he perishes to retain, will afford him a mere animal existence, not worthy the name of life. The most pitiable of all objects is a man who has turned recreant to his principles, and survives himself. His was not a case to be settled by the statement of a series of abstract truths, on the nature and essence of prayer. It was vastly important that Daniel did *express*, as well as *feel*, his unfailing trust in God: not that he should seek unwonted publicity in his devotions, and rush on martyrdom with the frenzy of a fanatic; but that calmly and thoughtfully, in his usual place, and at his accustomed times, he should "make supplication before his God" with "his window open," for it was aforetime, and "towards Jerusalem," the city of the Great King, — that he might not be charged with addressing that pitiful phantom of Divine power, who had issued a

decree, that all the prayers of his subjects should be offered to himself. It was a great occasion, and Daniel was great enough to appreciate its dignity, and to meet its tremendous demands. He formed a purpose which he knew was right. In its pursuit he perilled nobody's safety but his own. It contemplated no end but the glory of God. It needed for its successful issue no allies but the angels; and with the counsel of the Holy One he pursued the even tenor of his way; his confidence as serene at midnight, in the depth of the lion's den, as at noon-day in his chamber, on his knees before God!

Let us visit the palace, and see how it fares with power, while its innocent victim makes his bed with the beasts. Darius, inflated by the compliments of his courtiers, has also adopted a purpose. The tongues which suggested it were guided by jealous hate and rancorous envy. He, poor tool, is transported with vanity. He decrees that all entreaty shall be addressed to him alone for the space of thirty days; and foresees no result, but his own pre-eminence in being honored with the attributes of a God. He stays not to inquire if his purpose be right. He is too besotted with self-complacency to realize that the interests of thousands are to be compromised by his folly, and their consciences

exposed to violation, or their lives to forfeiture. A design so rashly and selfishly conceived, suggests afterwards no sustaining and satisfactory reflections. The application of his mad decree to the prime minister of his kingdom is soon brought home to his startled apprehension ; and he discovers, when the fact can be fruitful of nothing but vain regrets, that, in attempting to usurp the worship which was due to God, he is entrapped for the extinction of the brightest luminary of his empire, and the loss even of a king's prerogative to rescue from a death of violence his counsellor and friend. The dainties that load his royal table cannot tempt his appetite, for his soul is sickened with disgust at his own headlong folly. His attendants draw near with tabret and harp to soothe his ear, and waft him on strains of soft music to the Elysium of pleasant dreams, but he will not hear their beguiling notes. His spirit revolts at the entertainment, while through his weakness the man to whom he owed nothing but kindness is already a prey to the ravening beasts, or kept waking by their savage howls. "His sleep went from him." The down of his pillow cannot impart of its softness to his midnight musings. The gorgeous canopy, with its voluminous hangings,

"Like clouds of crimson and amber,"

cannot shut out the “wakeful trouble” that haunts his soul. The common tide of pity no doubt sought Daniel with ready flow, and many a heart that rejected his religion, admired his consistency and bewailed his doom. But he who needed most the commiseration of his fellows received no sympathy; for he passed the night in a palace, amid the elegancies which are vainly supposed to banish the misery they do but hide. When will the multitude learn that he is enviable, who, sustained by “a good conscience,” is thrust into a den of lions, fearless of their rage, because sure of the favor of God; and he is pitiable, who, beneath the Tyrian mantle of royalty, wears in his bosom the thorn of conscious wrong wrought by his own folly? That is majesty, which empowers a man to stand erect like Daniel, in every position, and to fix on Heaven an unfaltering eye. And that is servitude, — whatever the world may call it, — which, under all the garniture of life, stoops to baseness in pursuit of glory, and bends afterward in chagrin and mortification, under an incurable sense of its own weakness.

CONSOLATION FOR MORTALITY.

BY W. CULLEN BRYANT.

YET a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image— Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements —
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mouth ;
Yet not to thy earthly resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings

The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good —
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past —
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun — the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between —
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty — and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste —
Are but the solemn declarations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages — all that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom — take the wings
Of morning, and the Borean desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hear no sounds
Save its own dashings; yet the dead are there.

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone;
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe

Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yes, all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered by thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm; where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave of night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

PONTIUS PILATE.

BY THE REV. W. H. FURNESS.

THE impression derived from the Gospels of the moral character of the Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate, is wonderfully vivid and consistent; especially when we consider how brief is his appearance in the Divine Drama. He had degenerated greatly from the old Roman nobleness. Want of moral strength was his chief trait. This defect continually produces results as disastrous as those that flow from a determined malignity of purpose.

Men of good feelings, but destitute of the guidance of a good principle, bring calamities upon themselves and others, as heavy as if they were actuated by the basest motives, and had deliberately said unto evil, "Be thou our good!" Of the truth of this remark, Pilate affords an ever memorable instance. That such was his character, is most evident from the Christian records. Almost every word attributed to him is in keeping with it. He

appears to have been persuaded of the innocence of Jesus, but he had not courage to resist the mob headed by the priests.

And the miserable expedients to which he had recourse to throw off his inevitable responsibility, all betray the same imbecility.

He first tried to get rid of the case altogether — to make the Jews settle it themselves. Failing in this, he caught at the mention of Galilee, and as soon as he was told that Jesus was a Galilean, he sent him to Herod, who was then at Jerusalem, and within whose jurisdiction Galilee was. But Herod returned the prisoner upon his hands.

As the next resort, he attempted to persuade the populace to bestow their mercy upon Jesus, rather than Barabbas. I am aware that it was customary among the Romans to scourge those condemned to be crucified, just before execution. But from the different accounts we are led to infer, that Pilate caused this part of the punishment to be inflicted on Jesus, under the idea that it would appease the Jews. He brought the prisoner forth, bleeding under the recent tortures of the scourge, and called the attention of the mob to him, as if he hoped thereby to induce them to relent. Is not this precisely the course a weak man under such circum-

stances would adopt, as if by yielding, he would not inflame and encourage the cruel passions of the people instead of subduing them ?

When Jesus, seeing that words were of no avail, and that the magistrate had no strength to withstand the priests, preserved a dignified silence, Pilate attempts to make him speak by reminding him of his power. “ Speakest thou not unto me ? knowest thou not that I have power to release thee, and have power to crucify thee ? ”

How palpable here is his cowardice in the idle vaunt of a power existing, as he must have known in his own soul, only in name !

He was awed too, as indeed a much stronger man might, and so weak a man must have been, by the look and bearing of the prisoner, connected with the rumor of his extraordinary career, which could not have failed to reach his ears ; with the dream of his wife, whose imagination, no doubt, had been excited by reports of the words and works of the remarkable person arraigned before her husband, and with the declaration of the priests that Jesus had called himself the Son of God. And then again, the symbolical act of washing his hands before all the people, to which the numbers and uproar of the mob compelled Pilate to have recourse, to

signify that he had nothing to do with the death of Jesus, expressive though it was, was utterly vain. He could not throw off the responsibility of his office as he dashed the water from his hands; and only a weak-minded man could have found any satisfaction in such a device. When the Jews indirectly menace him with an accusation of a want of loyalty to the Roman emperor, he is evidently alarmed and overborne. And he endeavors to conceal the effect of the threat under a ridicule, which he dwells upon so long that we may well suspect it to be affected. "No man," Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, "thinks much of that which he despises." Thus Pilate repeats the title of King in application to Jesus, too often to allow it to be believed that he really ridiculed and despised the charge which the Jews threatened to allege against him. "Behold your King!" he said to the Jews. And when they shouted, "Away with him, crucify him," he replies, "Shall I crucify your King?" And the inscription which he caused to be affixed to the cross in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek — "This is the King of the Jews," and which he refused to alter, was partly dictated, we may suppose, by this state of mind, and partly by the mean desire of ridiculing the Jews, and so revenging himself upon them for

the painful fears they had awakened in his breast. That a suspicion of his loyalty should have made such an impression upon Pilate, cannot surprise us when we bring into view his subsequent fate,—banishment upon a charge of treason,—and the distrustful character of the reigning Emperor, Tiberius.

With this prince, as Tacitus informs us, the charge of treason was the sum of all charges.

In the instance of Pilate, as in the other cases mentioned, how all-unconscious are the sacred historians of the consistency they have preserved! They have thought only of giving a simple relation of the things they had seen and heard. And the keeping, discernible between the details of their histories, is the natural result and accompaniment of real facts, a portion of that harmony pervading all real objects, all actual occurrences. In short, we behold here the presence of that Divinity that not only shapes our ends, but impresses and moulds all realities, abrupt, rough-hewn, and disjointed as they may at first seem.

SONG OF THE MARTYRS.

BY GEORGE BETTNER, ESQ.

LIGHT up the martyr's funeral pile,
Consume the victim at the stake ;
No murmur shall we breathe the while,
Though round us quenchless flames may break ;
For kindling up its proud disdain,
The soul will spurn the fiery train.

Oppressors, who aspire to wield
The javelin of the maddened king ;
A mightier arm shall safely shield,
From all the weapons you can bring ;
The God that watches o'er his own,
Will place them on his promised throne.

If in the flames we shall expire,
It is a speedier aid they'll lend,

That in the prophet's car of fire,
To brighter worlds we may ascend ;
And this last sacrifice we give
To make our faith increase and live.

We'll shrink not from the burning brand,
Though long it agonize the heart ;
But firm and fearless will we stand,
To shame the apostate's faithless part,
Ours is the sacred cause to claim
Alone, the martyr's wreath and fame.

These lingering pangs shall death suffice —
The Christian's rest, his home of prayer ;
In yon illumined Paradise,
'T is ours the first to enter there,
And earthly conflicts we contemn
To gain a starry diadem.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

BY REV. I. KENNADAY, D. D.

To generous and sympathizing bosoms, nothing is more acutely painful, than a seeming forgetfulness of those, to whom acts of affection have been extended.

Having imparted to others every kindness which sorrow could exact, or benevolence render, they naturally look to such, for condolence at least, when anguish is the portion of their own hearts.

That the bereaved sisters of Lazarus were tempted to suppose themselves for a while forgotten by the Saviour, is not improbable ; when we ponder their language, and consider the severity of their trial. The devotedness of these sisters was directed at all times to render their home in Bethany a place of repose and refreshing to the “man of sorrows.” To the loveliness of that home he often retired from the fatigues and excitements of Jerusalem, and there he frequently paused in his approach to that great



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THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

S. John ch. XI. v. 44.

city, which was the chief arena of his contests, and which was the ultimate scene of his triumph over death. At Bethany he ever found a home in which there were hearts purely devoted to him ; the intensity of the affection of Mary in the yielding of her heart to the full occupancy of his word, gives evidence ; while the affection of Martha was no less exhibited in the profusion of a practical hospitality.

Never had the pilgrim Saviour to say in the midst of such friends, “Ye gave me no water for my feet !” Always there was in readiness “an upper place,” where he and his disciples could “keep the feast.”

And “Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus.” But now this Lazarus is sick — is dead — is entombed — the sisters are overwhelmed in grief, and Jesus is not with them.

There was a silence over Bethany, and many wondered at the absence of “the Christ.” “That many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother,” indicates that the family was one of some repute, and that the death of Lazarus was the occasion of interest and sorrow.

Amid the thousands of Jerusalem the death, even of such a man, would perhaps have excited but

little attention, but in Bethany he would be known to all. His compeers in age had shared his intimacy; the old had admired him for his assiduous attentions to his sisters; and the young had learned to reverence him as an example of unostentatious integrity.

Every family sympathized in the bereavement, and an unusual mourning was heard in Bethany, while friends more conversant, uttered comfort "concerning their brother." What, may we inquire, was the nature of this comfort?

Doubtless they reminded the sisters of the great blessedness they had so long enjoyed in the possession of such a brother, to them so endeared by the ardor and constancy of his love, and of whom the friends of God could say, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." As the resurrection was ever a subject of hope to the fathers, these holy Jews probably comforted the sisters with the assurance of Habakkuk, "We shall not die."

Now was heard the deep-toned sigh gushing from the heart of Mary. It was the same heart that had "chosen the good part." Piety neither crucifies natural affection, nor dries up the fountain of a chastened sorrow. She who wept at the feet of

Jesus as a Christian penitent, now weeps in his absence as a Christian sister. The voice of the Jew speaking comfort is again hushed, and we can conceive of the ejaculation of Martha, Where now is Jesus? As soon as our brother sickened we sent him word, saying, "Lord! behold, he whom thou lovest is sick," but Jesus comes not.

Again, the sigh is hushed — the tear is stayed, and the hearts of the sisters ponder the scenes of lovely childhood and mature life; but he is dead, and again they weep.

Let us now turn our attention to the Saviour during these incidents of so much moment to these his friends. How far above the discernment, even of a believing heart, are many of the designs of Infinite Wisdom!

Who in Bethany would have supposed that the Saviour would have delayed in his journey thither, upon the reception of such a message as was sent him from those he loved?

But he tarries until Lazarus dies, and even then but tardily approaches the house of mourning. At such a moment a word of comfort from the healer of the broken heart would have diminished a sorrow rendered more poignant by the unaccountable absence of Jesus. And yet while they suppose

themselves to be almost forgotten, they are actually the objects of the most yearning solicitude; and the moment of their despondency is full of glory to the Saviour and of mercy to them. Disease is permitted to corrode "the silver cord" which linked "the golden bowl" to a form so lovely to the view of the devoted sisters, and upon the manly symmetry of which many a youth had fixed an admiring eye. Death is permitted to do his direful work, and already the abhorrent mildew of the tomb is turning its loveliness into decay.

Adopting the language of an ancient mourner, they might have said, "All thy waves have gone over me." Yet they are but billows upon whose upheaving crest the Son of God shall tread, when "mourning shall be turned into joy," for upon the first announcement of the sickness of Lazarus, Jesus had told his disciples, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."

During the sickness of their brother, Mary and Martha had doubtless frequently hastened to the wayside, that they might catch the sound of the distant multitude, so often thronging his path, and announcing his coming in "Hosannahs to the King of Israel, coming in the name of the Lord." But all

was silent, and unsolaced by the presence of Christ, the brother expired.

It is a quality of the diamond, that held awhile in the light of the sun, and transferred into darkness, it still flames, throwing upon the gloom around it the lustre which it borrowed from the sun.

Such is the glory of religion ! It is in the darkness and humiliation of earthly trials, that the heart imbued with faith glows in the light imparted from on high ; and it was now that the glory of Christ was to be manifested to strengthen these “bruised reeds.” The resuscitation of our Lord is considered the great miracle of Christianity. It was certainly fitting that an event so august should be preceded by attestations significant of the adequacy of his power for its accomplishment.

Repeatedly had he predicted that “the Son of man should be put to death, and on the third day rise again.” This great event was also referred to by him in various allusions to the decay and resuscitation of vegetable matter, and in “the sign of the prophet Jonah.” The mystery, however, was so profound, that many thought it a thing incredible that “God should raise the dead.” Were it true that “life is in the Son,” that he had power to lay down his life “and power to take it up again ?” If

it were true that the hour had now come, in the which they that were in their graves were to “hear the voice of the Son of man, and come forth and live,” then it was assuredly appropriate that the Redeemer should attest this truth by including in his miracles one that would confirm his teachings respecting a doctrine of such paramount importance.

Such was the purpose of Him who shrouded in sorrow the home of Bethany, and suffered the king of terrors to number with the captives of the charnel house the form of the much loved Lazarus.

The excitements and solemnities of the funereal hour had passed, and Lazarus was reposing in the death-cave, where beauty so rapidly turns to ashes. The solitude which grief usually prefers, was interrupted only by the consolations ministered by the devout of Israel, and the last yet blessed hope of the mourners was that they should see their “brother again in the resurrection.”

It was an hour of solemnity in Bethany, and in every hall the voice of revelry was hushed ; wonder was often expressed, why in the hour of their need “that Prophet” had forgotten them, and the inquiry was often repeated “Where now is Jesus ?”

In the distance, upon the road leading from

Bethabara, a group is discerned, and a faithful attendant enters the room of mourning, and whispers to Martha, "the Lord is at hand," and "she went out and met him."

Love for her brother had prompted the desire that Jesus should have healed him. Surprise at his absence almost turns to murmuring in the expression, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died;" yet how soon faith hushes the tempest, prompting the soul to stay itself upon God, as she adds; "But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Jesus saith unto her, "Thy brother shall rise again." Who!—who hath ever gone to Christ, and told their woes, and not returned with balm upon their wounds? Scarcely does Martha divulge her grief, or give utterance to her faith, than she returns with a heart half healed, to her sister, secretly saying, "The Master is come and calleth for thee."

Having spoken as a God in declaring the great hope of immortality, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me shall never die;" he now yields to the gentlest sensibilities of his humanity, as Mary, stricken down by the anguish of her soul, bows at his feet. "When Jesus, therefore, saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping

which came with her, he groaned in spirit, and was troubled, and said, "Where have ye laid him? They say unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him!"

With a stately step the blessed Saviour approached toward the cave; groaning in spirit and with a strength surpassing that which enabled Samson to unhinge the gates of Gaza, the Son of God pauses at the portals of the domain of death. Mortal vision perceives him only at the tomb of Lazarus, but angels hear his mandate in the world of spirits remanding the soul of the beloved Lazarus back from the bosom of *Sheol*.

The warrior puts on his strength at once. Even the intrepid David meets the formidable champion of Gath, animated by the recollection of his prowess, when he in boyhood slew the lion and the bear. Now does the warrior come in triumph from the latter place unaccompanied by the evidences of his achievements.

If Christ was to be the destroyer of death—to spoil him of his sting, and to silence the boast of the hitherto victorious grave—were there to be no presages of that victory? Was faith to rest upon the one grand consummation of his own resurrec-

tion? No! Though such would have been enough for faith, yet, "that seeing they might believe," he numbers with his miracles one, indubitably illustrative of the resurrection.

If he can reanimate one form in the "valley of dry bones," then shall every aceldama of earth tremble under his mighty tread, when the "trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall awake." "Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave; it was a cave, and a stone lay upon it."

It was an hour of conflict. The sisters knew that, being four days dead, the body of Lazarus was already wasting under repulsive dissolution, rendering the open sepulchre so offensive to the sight. Life to us is the result of travail to a Saviour's soul. What anguish was his, when his soul was grappling with the troop of death, and when perhaps, the cemetery of Bethany was one of the battle-places where he "stained his garments," as he exclaimed, "The day of vengeance is in mine heart," and "the year of my redeemed is come?"

He cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" Why that loud voice? It was not in accordance with the ordinary mode of Christ. A dignity free from all vehemence usually marked his doings. But now he utters his mandate with "a loud voice." It

was done. The time for sighing was over. His arm had gotten him the victory, and a voice that told his triumph called the fettered dead to life again. Life quickened the heart, and light pierced the eyeballs of the rising Lazarus. "And he that was dead came forth." "Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him." Long over every home in Bethany there lingered a light, such as the world shall every where behold, when the loveliness of immortality shall make every part of Heaven an Orient; and when every Golgotha shall be animated by the voice of Him who is the "resurrection and the life."

HEAVEN'S LESSON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

HEAVEN teacheth thee to mourn, O friend beloved ;
Thou art its pupil now. The lowest class,
The first beginners in its school, may learn
How to rejoice. The sycamore's broad leaf,
Thrill'd by the breeze, the humblest grass bird's nest,
Murmur of gladness, and the wondering babe,
Borne by its nurse out in the open fields,
Knoweth that lesson. The wild mountain stream
That throws by fits its gushing music forth,
The careless sparrow, happy, though the frosts
Nip his light foot, have learn'd the simpler lore
How to rejoice. Mild nature teacheth it
To all her innocent works.

But God alone
Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
This highest lesson to a voice or hand
Subordinate. Behold ! He cometh forth !

O sweet disciple, bow thyself to learn
The alphabet of tears. Receive the lore,
Sharp though it be, to an unanswering breast,
A will subdued. And may such wisdom spring
From these rough rudiments, and thou shalt gain
A class more noble, and, advancing, soar
Where the sole lesson is a seraph's praise.
Yea, be a docile scholar, and so rise
Where mourning hath no place.





Engraved by T. Doucey

Painted by Schopin

THE HISTORY OF THE MOSSES

THE RESCUE OF MOSES.

BY REV. A. D. GILLETTE, A. M.

FAR away in the interior of Africa is Ethiopia, whose valleys and hill-sides are refreshed with plentiful showers of rain, swelling a thousand rivulets which course their meandering way; converging, until unitedly they form the full current of the Nile, Egypt's renowned river.

This benevolent arrangement of the Creator sends vast supplies of water, where showers of rain are seldom known to fall; and causes the driest and most sandy soil to become the richest and most fruitful country in the world. In the kingdom of grace, Jehovah is as wise and bountiful as he is in the kingdom of nature. When Egypt, the most enlightened, refined, and powerful nation on the earth, was given up to idol worship, God withheld rain from a pious, pastoral people in the land of Canaan, and sent them in great distress down to Egypt, to buy

corn; for they and their little ones were famishing. The haughty Egyptians soon enslaved them, for there arose a new king who knew not Joseph, who, jealous of the religious and political influence of the Israelites, oppressed and sorely taxed them.

By means of the worship which the Israelites observed, their cruel king and task-masters were taught the knowledge of the true God, and that he was the only proper object of worship. But they slighted the offers of his grace, adhered to their idolatry, and so judged themselves unworthy of eternal life—God pursued a course of providences which most effectually chastised them for their sin, while it restored to himself, and his worship, a nation excelling in piety and true zeal for the honor of his glorious name.

The first and most essential event in the movement of the Governor of nations, in this great transaction, was the “*Rescue of Moses*,” as recorded in the first ten verses of the second chapter of Exodus.

Human history overlooks the origin and progress of the servants of God, as if they were unworthy of notice. The world has thought best to hate and persecute them in all ages, but never to record their virtues. Warriors, statesmen, philosophers and

poets, are held up to view as deserving immortal honors, while the servants of the most high God have their names and memorials consigned to oblivion.

God's history proves, however, that while the world loves *its* own, *he* loves *his* own, and keeps them in all their ways. In his annals he notices as slightly the earth's mighty names, as man's history does the sons of the holy and blessed One. If he exhibits the earth's nobles at all, it is in their undisguised ferociousness; coming up on the whirlpool of human ambition, ravenous to devour, divide, and bear rule, conspicuous only for their violence and rapacity; or their hideous contrast with those of whom the world was not worthy. Among this honorable class, stands titled by heaven and high in true greatness, "Moses the servant of God." In his infant life he was Jehovah's peculiar care, and ever after his devout worshipper.

The whole history of the rescue of Moses is as follows.

A man of the house of Levi married a daughter of Levi. This man's name was Amram, son of Kohath, grandson of Levi; and the bride of his choice, was his cousin Jochebed. Their union was one of mutual love, and the third pledge Jehovah gave

them of their union was an exceeding fair and beautiful son.

The Jews say his form was like an angel's.

Heathen writers say, his handsome features commended him to all who saw him, and engaged their hearts to him, and made his parents and relatives the more anxious to preserve him from falling a victim of their cruel tyrant. They hid him three months, and when he could no longer be safely concealed from the officers, whose cruel duty it was to destroy all the male offspring of the Israelites, his mother took some light reeds which grew on the lowlands of Egypt, and made an ark, and rendered it impervious to water, by covering it with pitch. In this frail vessel she put her lovely babe, and then placed it in the still water among the rushes, that grow luxuriantly along the river banks. This was a mother's act, no doubt assisted and seconded by his father if alive.

What will not a mother do, rather than yield the darling of her heart to cruelty and death? *Mother*, is a sacred name; Jesus spake it and said, "Mother, behold thy son;" and the very use and union by him of two such words won to her bosom as her own son, the beloved disciple John.

This young and anxious mother gave the ark of

her heart's treasures to the waters, doubtless praying and trusting, that ere it would be carried away by the current, some one would find it, and have pity upon the child and save him from a watery grave. This was the best that she could do. Think not that the babe was for a moment forgotten, or neglected, though it was perilously exposed, by maternal hands. A mother's was aided by a sister's love.

Miriam, now about eight years old, loved her infant brother, and lingered on the shore to know the worst of his fearful history. She watched the ark that contained his little form, "to see what would be done to him."

The daughter of the king with her maidens came to the river side to bathe at an early hour, as an act of ablution and an honor to the deity of the Nile. This was a train of lovely young females, whose hearts a licentious court had not yet taught to throb without feeling for the poor and afflicted. Pharaoh's daughter saw the ark among the flags, and sent her maid to fetch it. On opening it, she beheld the babe, and it wept. That feeble wail pierced the young princess's heart, for she had compassion, and said, this is one of the Hebrews' children.

This was evident to her mind from the nature of her father's law against the Hebrews, and from their complexion, being fairer than that of her own swarthy countrymen.

God's sentinel was now at hand; little Miriam, perceiving the kindness shown the rescued babe, prompted by her sisterly impulse, drew near the heiress of Egypt's proud throne, and artlessly said, shall I go and call one of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee? Pharaoh's daughter said, Go; and Miriam called the child's mother, and the princess said to her, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee wages." The mother took her child, rather, shall we not say, clasped it to her beating bosom, and lavished upon it a mother's love and a mother's nutriment. The child grew, and when it needed a nurse no longer, she returned him to Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son; she adopted him as her heir, and called his name Moses, saying, "I drew him out of the water."

Jewish tradition says, Moses was about three years old when his mother returned him to the court, and that Pharaoh with his queen on his right, and his daughter with Moses on the left, and the mother before him, allowed Moses playfully to

take the crown from his monarch head and place it on his own, to the great amusement of all the company.

Pharaoh's daughter was supposed to be married ere this, but had no children, and was the more ready to adopt Moses into the royal family as the heir apparent, for unless she had heirs, the sceptre would depart into a remote branch of the Pharaohs, and be lost to the regnant family forever. Tradition also says, that the mother of Moses was also retained at court as his governess until he became a man, and that she taught him whose son he was, the history and wrongs of his nation, and the true worship of the Lord God of his fathers.

We know that his talents, education, principles and piety qualified Moses for the throne or any station which Providence might assign him among men ; for he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds. From such acquirements, which he eagerly pursued in the days of his youth, it is no wonder that Moses rose to dignity, usefulness and power. He stood before Pharaoh as a friend and chief man at court until he was forty years old, and possessed those rare accomplishments which afterwards shone so conspicuously in his government and disenthral-

ment of the people of Israel. Surely we see with Milton,

“ One Almighty is ; from whom
All things proceed, and up to Him return
If not depraved from good.”

In the rescue of Moses, we learn that God does his pleasure, and accomplishes his plans, by leading mankind in their free agency to promote his designs and bring about his pleasure.

Hence parents are not to conclude, that while the childhood and youth of their offspring may seem all to be vanity, that no good can come of them. How dark and despairing must have been the mind of the mother of Moses, as she left the babe of her bosom, where, in all human probability, it would be washed out in its floating and fragile ark into the deep rushing current of the stream, to be devoured by the scaly monsters that revel and riot there !

As a pious woman, what admiring gratitude and joy must have kindled in her breast, when Divine goodness not only rescued her babe from so revolting a death, but gave her the maternal luxury of being royally employed as nurse and educator to her own son all the years of his tutelage. With what pleasure she must have entered upon her

duties! With what adoring delight she continued to discharge them!

It is not too much to believe, that she often told her noble boy the marvellous story of his exposure and rescue, and thereby secured his young heart with hers, to the vigorous exercise of heavenly devotion, and unshaken faith in Jehovah's promise. She doubtless taught her son, what *all* need more confidently to know, that God takes care of infancy, and raises up friends to his cause and people, even from among those who seem to be their most powerful enemies. Pharaoh sought the destruction of an enslaved people, whom misfortune had made his dependent subjects. His daughter rescued and loved one of their infants, whom none else, save a little girl, seemed to love, and, beyond her expectation, saved and eminently qualified him to become his nation's deliverer.

How unsearchable are the judgments of the Lord, and his ways are past finding out. Often he raises the poor out of the dust, and sets them among and above princes, to show that the Most High above the heavens does rule.

Moses being reared at court, was fitted by Divine agency to stand before kings and plead that the oppressed might go free. By being educated in a

learned nation, he was qualified by Providence to become the world's first and greatest historian,—teacher,—and law-giver to a mighty people.

The rescue of Moses teaches parents to be thankful for living when and where no cruel tyrant dare deprive them of the lives and care of their offspring. At the best, children are so exposed to moral disasters, that parental tenderness is agitated by many sighs of solicitude for their safety and future welfare; and we are only at rest when, by culture and prayer, we give them to God, knowing that he can keep them from death, and qualify them for their stations. A wicked and miserable life would be far more trying to parental sensibility than an early death. When God gives children, he says to their parents, take this child and bring it up for me, and I will give thee wages; rear thy little ones in wisdom's way; nurture and admonish them in the Lord, and he will guide them by a life of usefulness to a death of honor, and a heaven of eternal joy. What though you cannot do all you would in your heart for your children, submit to your condition, and do the best you can. Jehovah awakened compassion in a heathen's heart for young Moses, and thereby provided for his education and fitness for life's stern and solemn duties. Christians certainly will be kind to

children left or neglected by their parents, or who by poverty are deprived of early mental culture and moral care. Whoever observes providences, will see that children early afflicted, and falling upon the compassion and care of others, are oftener celebrated for piety, distinguished for usefulness, and rendered eminently worthy, than those whom no cloud overshadows and no early hardships inure to vigor, hope, or energetic enterprises. How often do young people, while careless of religion, study and learn that knowledge which genuine conversion consecrates afterwards to the high and holy service of preaching Christ's gospel, and extending the power of *his* love! God says, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, I will lead them in paths that they have not known, I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." "I will be their God, and they shall be my people in truth and righteousness."

What Moses did for God and the Israel of God, proves his pious appreciation of the Divine goodness which rescued him from an early death. Impelled by allegiance to his preserver and love to his people, he refused and cast from him, as useless baubles, the pageantry of a voluptuous court, and the crown of

Egypt, then the richest and most powerful nation on the earth. Yes, he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. He joined his own countrymen, despised and enslaved as they were, delivered them from bondage, and led them into liberty; established among them that splendid system of religion, which was emblematical of another and more glorious one which Christ came to give.

When they were hungry he fed them with manna, teaching them to live by faith on the bread of God, through Jesus Christ, who came down from heaven. To supply their thirst, he brought water out of the rock; they drank of it, and that rock was Christ. When they sinned and deserved national death, he pleaded rather to be blotted out of God's book, than that these sheep in the wilderness should perish. When bitten by serpents, swollen and dying, Moses lifted up among the despairing a brazen serpent, and cried, Look and live — showing forth man's final cure of sin by Jesus Christ and him crucified. When the wasting pestilence, whose very vapor was death, melted its thousands and its tens of thousands, he clothed Aaron in his sacred vestments, put a censer of holy incense in his hand, and sent him forth to stand between the living and the dead, and so the plague was stayed. All before where Aaron

stood were consumed — all behind were preserved ; beautifully symbolizing the Lamb of Calvary, who met the burning wrath of Jehovah, and turned it aside from a guilty world.

Moses led the people forty years in the wilderness, until their journey was at an end ; he loved and watched them with more than parental fondness, and carried them as it were in his arms, as a good shepherd carries the lambs and feeble ones of his flock ; and when the hour of his departure drew nigh, he assembled them around Mount Pisgah, from whose towering summit he clearly saw the goodly Canaan afar off. Here he sung his *swan* song, and poured out his whole heart, foretelling their long eventful history, over which and their sins he wept. He then revealed that brighter scene of extraordinary glory and prosperity, when they should be gathered and restored to the land of their fathers, and become a joy and a praise in all the earth. A magnificent type of the gathered fullness of all nations before the throne of God at last, who are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. Moses resigned his charge to Joshua, and went up the Mountain of Nebo, and in obedience to the command of God there died, and the Lord buried him ; and his sepulchre no man knoweth unto this day.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

BY MRS. RILEY.

LEAVE thee, my mother? think'st we can part?
Doth not thy look belie thy lips' command?
Will not the sunshine of one faithful heart
Cheer thy sad journey to thy native land?
A son-less widow'd wanderer though you be,
Thou art not childless while I am with thee.

Thy slightest wish was wont in happier days,
In our glad home to serve as a behest;
Thy wish, if not thy word, she still obeys,
When thy child seeks with thee a peaceful rest,
Where Israel's faith with Israel's name is found,
And holy worship makes it sacred ground.

Think'st thou the faith taught by thy lips I loved
Hath faded with the voice that gave it birth?
That vision of a life to come, which proved
His hope in death, is dimmed by thoughts of earth?

No, through the night of sorrow, that bright star,
Hath pointed to a home of peace afar.

Together we rejoiced in brighter years ;
Sharing the self-same home — the self-same lot,
Together we have mingled bitter tears :
To leave me now, my mother, ask me not !
Where'er thou wanderest, thither will I roam,
Thy God shall be my God — thy home my home.

THE TREACHERY OF JUDAS.

BY F. H. DUFFEE, ESQ.

THE Advent of “the meek and lowly Jesus” was foreshadowed by the prophet Isaiah in language at once eloquent, pathetic, and sublime! He was, says the inspired writer, to be “stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.” The history of his mission and crucifixion as narrated by the Evangelists in their simple and unpretending manner, cannot fail to awaken the tenderest sympathies of the human heart. The life of the Saviour was replete with the severest trials and sufferings.

“He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” Even among those whom he had chosen as his disciples and friends, who were the constant witnesses of the purity of life, the celestial doctrines he had taught, and the numerous miracles he had performed, there was one who forsook all that he had, to follow the despised Jesus of Nazareth, exposing himself year

after year to persecution for his sake, preaching his gospel unsuspected by his fellow disciples, and not disowned by his Lord; and yet we are warranted to say, it had been better for that man if he had never been born. The perfidy and treachery of Judas admits of no extenuation. He, in common with the other disciples, had been the inseparable companion of the afflicted Jesus, in labor and in rest, intrusted with his most secret thoughts and the subject of his most fervent prayers.

How many admirable examples of the most heroic virtues did that perfidious apostle behold in the conduct of Jesus Christ! How many words of eternal life did he hear from his sacred mouth! All these did not extinguish in the unhappy Judas, that spirit of avarice which induced him to betray his Master. Avarice was the ruling passion of this traitorous adherent, and avarice at last consigned him to a land of darkness. At the feast at Bethany we read that "Mary took a pound of ointment of spikenard, which was very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped them with her hair, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." The anger and cupidity of Judas were aroused at what he supposed the waste of that costly ointment, inducing him to give utterance to

his indignation, and to demand of Jesus — “Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?”

But Jesus at once rebuked him with this memorable remark; “Let her alone; against the day of my burial hath she kept this; for the poor always ye have with you, but me ye have not always.”

This calm rebuke must have enraged and mortified the avaricious traitor, and hastened him to the treacherous compact subsequently made with the Jews to deliver Jesus into their hands. With the faithlessness of Judas our Saviour himself was deeply impressed. He did not, however, abandon his perfidious disciple, but used the most powerful graces in order to withdraw him from so dark a purpose.

At the last supper he washed his feet, exhorting him to humility and repentance; but observing that nothing softened his hard and impenitent heart, “he was troubled in spirit, and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.”

This was the first intimation that Jesus gave his disciples of his knowledge that he would be betrayed by one of them, and even then his allusions to the traitor were incidental and ambiguously disclosed.

When one whom we deeply reverence charges us with an evil design, we suspect ourselves of it, rather than him of a wanton accusation. This drew from their faithful hearts the fearful exclamation, “Lord, is it I !” “Is it I ?”

His treatment of Judas was still characterized with the same kindness — no taunting, no reproach, — but the utmost tenderness and generosity.

Upon this occasion was the Divinity of our Saviour manifested in the most ample manner, for not only with words of admonition, but by the humiliating act of washing his disciples’ feet, to which even Peter at first objected until informed by his Divine Master that it was necessary for his salvation.

Jesus also remarked, “Ye are not all clean,” and again, “I speak not of you all — I know whom I have chosen, — but that the Scripture may be fulfilled, he that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me.”

And as if to assure them still more clearly and forcibly of the knowledge of his betrayal, he further remarks: “Now I tell you before it come, that when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am he;” and “Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall give me more than twelve

legions of angels — but how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be ? ”

Here then is abundant evidence that Jesus knew all from the beginning, and that this was ordained to “come to pass,” but we recognise at the same time the free moral agency of Judas in the fearful denunciation: “The Son of man goeth as it is written of him, but wo unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed: — it had been good for that man if he had not been born.”

The disciples, filled with anxious solicitude, looked one on another when Jesus intimated that one of them should betray him, doubting of whom he spoke, so careful was he in the exposure of Judas, that he did not even name the perfidious disciple, but adopted a sign for their information, as it is eloquently related in the following passage: “Now there was leaning on Jesus’ bosom one of his disciples whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him that he should ask, who it should be of whom he spoke. He then lying on Jesus’ breast, saith unto him, Lord, who is it ?

“Jesus answered, — He it is to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it; and when he had dipped the sop he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon, and after the sop, Satan entered into

him ; then said Jesus unto him, — That thou doest, do quickly. Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spake this unto him, for some thought because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, Buy those things that we have need of against the feast, or that he should give something to the poor. He then having received the sop, went immediately out, and it was night.”

This narrative of the sacred writer, which we give entire, is both artless and graphic. It depicts, in an admirable manner, the method which the Saviour had employed to dismiss the erring disciple from his presence, and to protect him at the same time from the indignation of the others, who would have probably slain him on the spot, in order to have saved their Divine Master. The treacherous follower was thus enabled to escape, and when he had gone out, Jesus being freed of him, exclaimed, “Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him,” and also the new commandment : “That ye love one another ; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.”

The act which Jesus directed his fallen disciple to perform “quickly,” no doubt, was his deliverance into the hands of his enemies, for the Saviour knew that he had conspired with the Jews to betray him,

and therefore urged him to do it “quickly,” that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. Jesus knowing that his hour was nigh at hand, the presentiment of approaching agony weighing heavily upon his spirit, he repaired with his disciples to the garden of Gethsemane, there to pour out his soul, and yield himself up to the burden of his woes.

While he left the greatest number of his disciples sitting, he selected the three most dear to him, and taking them apart from the rest, he gives relief to his soul by confidingly saying to them, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.” “Tarry and watch with me.” Stepping aside and prostrating himself on the earth, he spent an hour in agonizing prayer. During this interval his wearied disciples slept, and Jesus coming to them and found them sleeping, saith unto Peter, in a tone of mournful reproach,—“What! could ye not watch with me one hour?” He leaveth them again, and when he returned a second time found them sleeping, and said to them, “Sleep on now and take your rest, for the hour is come when the Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners.” Scarcely had the Saviour uttered these words, when they beheld a great multitude with swords and staves, and among them Judas, one of the twelve. Now was treachery

at its height! Judas approached the Saviour and said, Hail, Master! and kissed him. When Jesus mildly asked, "Friend, what art thou come for?" "Dost thou betray the Son of man with a kiss?" then turning to the rabble that were surrounding him, inquired of them whom they sought; they replied, "Jesus of Nazareth." He said, "I am he." "If ye seek me only, let these go their way," meaning his disciples. They then seized the betrayed Jesus, bound him and led him to the house of the High Priest, where a council was assembled, who sought false witnesses against Jesus to put him to death.

But let us turn to Judas! When therefore the condemnation of Jesus was certain, for Judas had listened to the proceedings with concern, he became convinced of his guilt, and thus openly confessed it, with anguish so acute, and "eyes running down with rivers of tears," that his very existence became a burden; but even this seeming sincere and heartfelt remorse fell far short of real contrition, and left him to perish. As soon as he was awakened to a sense of his transgression, the prophetic declaration of his Master concerning his latter end, rushed into his mind, and his soul was dismayed; but could he have been assured that this

vengeance was averted, he would probably have enjoyed the reward of his perfidy without remorse, and after shedding a tear or two over the grave of his Lord, would have thought of his iniquity no more. The language of the sacred historian appears to warrant the supposition, that when he consented to betray his Master, he had persuaded himself that this act of treachery would not prove fatal to him. He thought, perhaps, that he would, as on former occasions, deliver himself from the hands of his enemies by an exertion of his miraculous power; and thus while his crime served to enrich himself, it would really promote the interest of his Lord by giving him a signal and public opportunity of manifesting his greatness.

When, therefore, he saw that he was really condemned; when he saw him, instead of passing through the surrounding multitude, or striking down by the word of his mouth the guards and soldiers around him, quietly submitting to be led to prison and to judgment; when he saw his friend, his guide, his benefactor, going “as a lamb to the slaughter,” a multitude of distracting thoughts crowded into his mind, his obdurate heart relented, and his former unconcern gave way to a sorrow as sincere and pungent, as ever wrung a guilty breast.

The money from which he had expected such gratification, became now a source of remorse and misery. Regarding it as the price of his Master's blood and the wages of his own unrighteousness, he could not look upon it without horror, he could not keep it without torment. Impatient to put it far away from him, he carried it back to those from whom he had received it; and when they refused to accept it, he cast it down with abhorrence in the temple, and "went out and hanged himself."

Reader! in this narrative we are especially called upon to guard against self-deception. We are called upon to look at Judas becoming his own accuser, vindicating his Master, and condemning himself; and while we are ready to commiserate his sufferings, and almost admiring his boldness, we are reminded that at that moment he was as much a son of perdition, as when with a treacherous kiss he betrayed his Lord. No confession could appear more sincere, no sorrow more genuine, no fear more agitating. And yet he perished; perished not because his sin was too great for the blood of Christ to cleanse, and the mercy of God to pardon it, but because he wanted those things, without which the most severe compunctions, and liveliest feelings, and the most splendid gifts are nothing worth. And

what are those things? A heartfelt abhorrence of sin, a conviction of the desperate wickedness of the soul, and a spirit of grace and supplication with God for his pardoning mercy. And he who is destitute of these, is very far from the kingdom of Heaven.



THE YOUTHFUL SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.

BY REV. SAMUEL HANSON COX, D. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SOME things, or rather many, connected with religion and occurring often to “the mind of desultory man,” are rarely and scantily, or not at all, regarded in the inspired oracles. The written word has one grand end throughout; this it subserves, and this alone, in all its glorious disclosures; to this, directly or indirectly, as essential or as incidental, tends every thing in the total system of revelation. That word is eloquent in its silence, instructive in its omissions, and perfect even in its brevities: and that end is not to provide for worldliness, or amusement, or curiosity, or sectarianism, or any other partial conceit or imagination of men; but, it is — the glory of God in the salvation of his church universal, comprising *all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.*

Who has not desiderated, in the biography of Christ, something more, extensively and minutely

and graphically more, of his private ways described, and especially of his youthful history? But no! Infinite Wisdom erred not in what it withheld, more than in what it gave; *casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.*

It is enough for us to correspond with heaven, more than submissive to what pleases God. This, however, implies that we occupy where he has made room for us, and learn devoutly whatever he has condescended to teach. It implies a high and a wise appreciation of his word, and prompts to study with holy assiduity his revealed will; congratulated on the boon *that from a child* each of us has *known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make us wise to salvation through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.*

In the second chapter of the gospel according to Luke, the last thirteen verses, that is, from the thirty-ninth to the fifty-second inclusive, we have a select and finished picture of some interesting aspects of the boyhood of our blessed Saviour, which may speak for itself, in the translation of the learned Dr. Campbell, formerly of Aberdeen.*

* Died 1796, aged 77.

“After they had performed every thing required by the law of the Lord, they returned to Galilee, to their own city Nazareth. And the child grew and acquired strength of mind, being filled with wisdom and adorned with a divine gracefulness.

“Now the parents of Jesus went yearly to Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover. And when he was twelve years old, they having gone thither, according to the usage of the festival, and remained the customary time, being on their return, the child Jesus staid behind in Jerusalem, and neither Joseph nor his mother knew it. They supposing him to be in the company, went a day’s journey, and then sought him among their relations and acquaintance; but not finding him, they returned to Jerusalem, seeking him. And after three days, they found him in the temple, sitting among the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all who heard him were astonished; but they who saw him were amazed at his understanding and answers. And his mother said to him, ‘Son, why hast thou treated us thus? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee with sorrow.’ He answered, ‘Why did ye seek me? Knew ye not that I must be at my Father’s?’ But they did not comprehend his answer.

“And he returned with them to Nazareth, and was subject unto them. And his mother treasured up all these things in her memory. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in power with God and man.”

From these sacred words, we add some remarks, mainly suggestive, in reference to their import and use.

1. Here is *no warrant* for the popular and common mistake, sometimes assumed by wise men and expressed in the words — “Christ disputing with the Doctors.” No! Such a posture would ill become such a youth, in such circumstances. It were a grand offence against propriety and good manners. It was impossible to the perfection of his character. He would learn — not teach, dictate, dispute, with such men of dignity, learning, and official eminence. What! a boy of twelve — but the text is innocent of so grand an anomaly; “both hearing them, and asking them questions.” This was conduct proper, exemplary, and well becoming his years and the education he had received. Tradition and the canvass have both erred, but not the written word of God.

2. His questions on seeing his parents were *sprightly and agreeable*. Why seek me all over the

city? Why not come at first to the temple, which is my Father's house in Jerusalem? Where could you expect to find so young a person in this great metropolis, but at his Father's? Am I not where I ought to be?

The letter of the original is ambiguous. Campbell gives the true sense. Our version is obscure and vague. Besides, to be "about his Father's business," probably imports what did not at all become him at that age, namely, his official work as Messiah. Not till he "began to be about thirty years of age," was he competent to this. That was the lawful age of sacerdotal investiture. He would not, as a private person, invade or usurp an official station; much less, as a child, assume the prerogatives of maturity. Again, he pleasantly censures them for not *knowing* that he must be at his Father's; which could have had no propriety or point on the other supposition, They could not, and did not know, that he "must be about his Father's business;" but they might naturally have judged that he could be, if in the city at all, certainly "at his Father's." However, like many modern persons, the sentiment was too deep for them. "They did not comprehend his answer."

3. We have reason to think that our Saviour

was, as a youth, *a person of rare and exquisite beauty*. He was “adorned with a divine gracefulness.” His countenance, form, and movements, were extraordinary. A radiation of elegance and glory arrested all observers, and charmed the wisest philosophers. Moses was a beautiful boy, divinely fair, and a signal type of his great superior. To this add the manners of the incomparable child; as easy, becoming, intelligent, modest, and adapted to please, blending dignity with nature, without the least affectation, or self-vaunting, or unkindness, with nothing out of place, or out of time, or out of order, in all he said, or did, or seemed; and what a perfect moral picture have we here! Let children and critics study it, and try to resemble what they cannot fail to admire.

4. We judge that, as a youth, and even when grown, he was *exceedingly popular* with all classes of men. The last sentence of the text, indeed, asserts this. But to this there was a terminus. When he began to preach, to be a reprover, to act officially in his messianic character, then indeed all was changed! “The most fine gold had become dim.” Popularity was exchanged for persecution. His very house became hostile. “For neither did his brethren believe on him. Then Jesus said unto them, the

world cannot hate you ; but me it hateth, because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil." The world love natural amiableness and good manners in others, when these do not specially interfere with their own faults and sins, or wound their pride by the contrast. But as soon as reproof occurs, their love is exchanged for hatred, their admiration for antipathy. "A scorner loveth not one that reproveth him ; neither will he go unto the wise."

5. His piety was *eminently filial and obedient*. "He returned" with his parents, "and was subject unto them." The spirit of the fifth commandment, that is, "the first" of the second table, was perfectly exemplified in his whole deportment. Oh ! how rare, how admirable, how excellent, this phase of youthful piety ! Happy that nation, that coming age, whose citizens "learn first to show piety at home, and to requite their parents ; for that is good and acceptable before God." Let not THE ALARMING WANT OF IT become the ruin of our favored nation, in this land of our preference and our boast. Precious children, the hope of your country and the joy of your parents, will you in the end be their grief, their dishonor, their lamentation ? Or, will you meditate the perfect example of the youthful Redeemer, and aim to copy it in your own deportment ? What a

standard ! the only perfect one that ever was found on earth. The example of Christ through all his years, his vicissitudes of trial, and his prodigies of suffering, is the perfect embodiment in action, and the complete counterpart in practical illustration, of the holy and glorious law of God. It is a living and intelligible commentary on the decalogue, the ten commandments ; that code of permanency and perfection as a rule of conduct, written on tables of stone by the finger of the living God ; his own inspiration, his own legislation, and his own autography.

6. His piety was *symmetrical and ennobling*, culturing the intelligence as well as the affections. He loved knowledge, truth, wisdom. He exercised and strengthened his young powers in these richest and best of acquisitions. No tame or low pursuits, nothing negligent, or indolent, or careless, appears in him. He loved to improve his mind, to decorate it with the pearls of God. How ornamental, how magnanimous, how glorious ! What an example for universal imitation ! He loved divine instruction. He was docile, and receptive and luminous, not only, but apt, and aspiring, and devoted, in the ways of wisdom.

7. His example, and the common practice of the

Jewish church, seem to *indicate the period*, at which certainly we ought to expect piety and self-consecration to God, in our beloved children. When he was "twelve years old" he went to Jerusalem and partook of the Passover. And why may not our children profess the religion of our blessed Lord and Saviour at the same age? For this were they born and redeemed, and devoted to God in baptism. For this have they pious and affectionate parents, whose prayers to God for them, whose practical anxieties respecting them, whose attentions and regards and self-sacrifices on their account, and especially the love incomparable among creatures of THEIR MOTHER, all centre properly here, that they may be the genuine worshippers of God, the children of his love, the heirs of his salvation.

The Passover under the Mosaic, was virtually the same thing with the Eucharist or the Lord's supper under the Christian dispensation. That looked forward with expectation, and prefigured the expiation of sin on the cross; this takes the retrospect of the past, and commemorates the death of our Saviour; both hope in the same salvation and unite in the same Redeemer. Only our light is greater, fuller, brighter. Our obligations are proportionate. And if our Christian youth are rightly trained in

God, and educated for heaven, may we not expect, by his blessing on the efforts of parental faithfulness, that, at "twelve years old," at farthest, they will ordinarily become the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ? If not, let them be pious much earlier. The elements of the gospel are capable of great simplification. Mothers peculiarly are to learn this glory-secret, and give it a blessed exemplification in the early piety of all their precious offspring. They ought to aim them every one at heaven, as the lighted lustres of immortality, as the brilliant stars of God, as the conscious suns of eternity, glowing forever in the radiation of perfect light, as decorations glorious and appropriate for the firmament of the new creation. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. They are beloved for the fathers' sakes. If the root be holy, so are the branches. And I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee. For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that

brought them : but when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

That twelve years of age is quite mature for the seeds of piety to germinate in the juvenile bosom, is obvious. Their acquisitions of the rudiments of human science at that age, show it. Why not study divine science too ? A modern poet tells us with lamentation, his regret to have postponed an acquaintance with our greatest poet and his greatest work, till fourteen circles of the sun had measured his ruling ignorance miserably so far advanced.

"Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms ;
 New to my taste his Paradise surpassed
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
 To speak its excellence. I danced for joy.
 I marvelled much, that, at so ripe an age
 As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
 Engaged my wonder ; and admiring still,
 And still admiring, with regret supposed
 The joy half lost, because not sooner found."

8. We hazard one more reflection, the importance of *the youthful period* of life. Much it governs every

other period, and even extends its consequences into eternity. Thus often "the boy is father to the man." The indications of character, then, are unsophisticated, and they often predict and influence the destiny. To omit the darker class of portents, how often have the presages of greatness, and even of goodness, been given graphically in youth, if not in infancy! How young was Moses, was Samson, was Samuel, was John the Baptist, was Timothy, was Doddridge, and were thousands of others, when appeared the harbingers and the signals of their future eminence. Of this, how bold an instance, how sublime a demonstration, is the Saviour himself. Never died such a man, never lived such a boy. How desirable to see the signs of the divine favor and the divine purpose in their early wisdom, in their daily actions, in their common preferences, in their words and sentiments, evinced. How wise to use the means of grace with them preventively; to foreclose the avenues of the mind against the insinuations and the devices of falsehood and of crime. These signs are often not solitary, or of one class only. They are not confined to the features, the form, the manners, the talents, the achievements, the aspirations, any one of these merely; but are identified more with the contour, the assemblage, the entire

picturesque of character. They make an impression. All who know them feel that something extraordinary is there. Thus Paul to his "own son in the faith: This charge I commit unto thee, son Timothy, according to the prophecies which went before on thee, that thou by them mightest war a good warfare." Oh! that these proofs and pledges of eminence in all good, might be multiplied and augmented in the persons of our beloved youth, a thousand fold!

9. Finally, we are here taught to *study the character* of this august youth; whose name is "called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Father of Eternity, the Prince of Peace."* He indeed is the grand object of religious thought, confidence, adoration, and praise. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Our estimate of Him shall arbitrate our own destiny. To love HIM; to discern HIS excellency and HIS glory; to read HIM as the theme of the total Bible; to realize HIM "precious" to our souls; to know and serve and follow HIM; to appreciate HIM, as he is, absolutely and relatively, in himself and towards ourselves; to be HIS illumined friends and correspondents on the earth; to become HIS clients, depending on HIM alone as *our Advocate*

* Barnes' translation.

with the Father, and confiding in HIM as our Great High Priest in the heavens; this indeed is wisdom, peace, affluence, salvation. This is what man wants; that after which every man by nature ignorantly thirsts, pursues, and hopes somehow to attain it, and that which the Christian alone attains by faith in his name! A simple method, but a more sublime one. It is the method of God. It looks like the nondescript, the unimaginable opposite, of all human contrivance or anticipation, Here is the germ of the grand and surpassing wonder —

THE YOUTHFUL SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.

If his very juvenility is so rich and attractive, what must it be to know him perfectly in the eternal maturity of his developments! If we ever arrive at heaven — if we fail not in that divine and ineffable prospect of good — we shall see him youthful no more, but venerable as worthy, the Lamb that was slain, the light and the glory of the Temple of Temples in the Jerusalem of God forever.

JACOB IN THE HOUSE OF LABAN.

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER, ESQ.

Thus have I been twenty years in thy house ; I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters, and six years for thy cattle ; and thou hast changed my wages ten times. — GENESIS xxxi. 41.

OH, father of a princely line ! We see
Thee here, a slave in willing shackles bound,
But humanized, and to our level brought.
Thou, from whose loins sprang kings, and lastly Him
Whose birth gave life to myriads lost in sin,
Art present to us as the ardent youth,
With passions and affections like our own.

We see thee toiling for those seven long years —
At once the price and token of thy love —
For Rachel, unto whom thy heart doth cleave.

Perchance those years were full of bitterness :
Thou hadst *the promise*, but thou wert a slave ;
And yet, methinks, thy bonds were silken ones,
For thou wert but the prisoner of love.

* * * * *

How wert thou when thy consciousness revealed
The face of Leah ? Did thy spirits sink
And heart grow better from that sad deceit ?
We know not ; but thy character appears
More bright by after conduct. Seven years more
Thou servedst for the Rachel of thy love,
And took her to thy faithful breast at last.

* * * * *

What lesson learn we from thy constancy ?
Is't not that unto her who won our heart
In early youth our manhood still should cling ?
Is't not that love, well placed and well deserved,
Is in itself a boon to be desired,
And sought for, even with toil and servitude ?



Painted by E. Prentis.

Eng^d by H. S. Sadd N.Y.

The Friend in Adversity!

*"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee,
and thou shalt glorify me." Psalm L. - v. 15.*

“CALL UPON ME IN THE DAY OF
TROUBLE.”

BY JAMES REES, ESQ.

POVERTY, like some darkening shade of night,
Weighs on the heart, and with a withering power
Dries up the spring of Hope! It is the cause
Of many crimes, which, moving onward, crush
The finer feelings of the heart, and spread
Their desolation round. The eye looks out
On Earth, from its dark prison, misty seems
What all before was bright; the flow'rets fade
And wither at the gaze; the lily droops,
And o'er the parterre goes a fell simoom
With devastating power. No thing of life
Survives. The Sun looks dark, and nightly gloom
Pervades all earth; *and yet no gloom is there!*
The eye is dimmed by woe; its feeble glare
Reflects the dying embers of the heart.

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Thus man droops, his very nature throws
O'er smiling earth a darkening shade of self,
Which Truth dispels, but in the heart of Sin
No truth, alas ! is found. There grim despair
Sits enthron'd, and, mocking all sacred things,
Erects a standard Fate itself upholds —
That it may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven.

Behold yon man ! —

A man of grief, he bends
His head upon his trembling hands, and feels
That he is doom'd ! His sins are up in arms,
And, hound-like, hunt the better part to death !
The storms and tempests of the world he dreads,
The lightning's flash he shuns. *This man hath sinn'd.*
His heart's oppress'd ; he dared to curse, not call
On God. The lightning's glare was Heaven's wrath,
The thunder's roar to him, its awful curse ! —
He dares not pray, and yet an angel's voice
Cries out, " Turn ye from your evil ways," —
He sinks in grief, for on his soul there lies
A load of guilt, long years of conscious crime,
Years in which his youth and manhood grew. All
Wasted. The wine-cup and the wanton's lip,
The dice-box, and the wassail long and deep
Employed the sunny hours of life — till light
And all went out. Not that alone, for see, —

Beside him sits an angel form, whose hand
 Now points the wretched man to Hope. Her eyes
 Are moisten'd, tears of sorrow and of joy
 Now trickle down her cheek, — joy of the heart,
 For in his faltering voice, and bending looks
 He sees the efficacy of prayer! —
 Prayer intuitive — a gentle dove that lies
 Nestled amid the foliage of the heart,
 And only strives for freedom, when bright Hope
 Sheds pearly sunshine round its prison bars!

She had watch'd each struggle, and in grief —
 Prayed for him the world had long shut out.

That gentle dove awoke, when woman's voice
 Broke on the ruin and wreck of earthly hope;
 It flutter'd there, where life had long seem'd dead,
 And wing'd its flight, a pleader for its home! —

That man of sin
 Feels the soft touch of virtue's hand, and weeps;
 But why thus hide his eyes? Check not thy tears;
 Weep boldly, for they are showers of Hope.

Her voice — an angel voice — bade him awake
 From dreams of night, and on the ambient air
 See seraphims, wing'd messengers of joy,
 Whose voices musical the world; how sweet
 Those blessed words — “Behold the Lamb of God,
 Which taketh away the sin of the world.”

Hark ! a strain more plaintive far than Æolian
Sound, or soft murmurs from Arcadian groves,
Comes o'er his heart, that heart of heavy grief ;
Nearer it comes — how soft, how heavenly ! Hark !
What holy words now syllable the strain —
“ Awake, thou man of woes, awake and pray,
For truly the Lord hath said as written,
‘ Call upon me in the day of trouble ; ’
Then shall thy light break forth as the morning,
And the clouds which oppress thee fade away,
As the mists of night from the mountain tops.”

Thy wife hath invoked the spirit of prayer,
For prayer never forsakes the heart that throbs
With life ! ALL THAT IS GOD'S, LIVES ON FOREVER.

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY W. CULLEN BRYANT.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted !
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn !
Thou weepest days of innocence departed ;
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from
heaven,
Evil and ignorant ; and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar should change ; the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh ;

Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains,
Thick to their tops with roses ; come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree :
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
Forever, towards the skies.

THE REPENTANCE OF PETER.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the following narration, St. Luke presents to us a sad instance of human frailty, and a most affecting proof of divine mercy. In the fall and restoration of Peter we have both warning and encouragement; while the one bids the most confident fear, the other holds out the most cheering hope to the desponding. When Balaam transgressed, an angel was sent from heaven to reprove him, and no less than a prophet was commissioned to warn David of his guilt, and call him to repentance; storms and winds are also employed to remind Jonah that he had sinned; but the simple voice of a bird is made to penetrate into the inmost soul of the apostle, and arouse the conscience that was slumbering there. "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter;" and he remembered the words of his Master, and went out and wept.

But what was the look which the compassionate Saviour directed toward his fallen apostle? It was not only a look of pity, but of painful and anxious concern. This denial and falsehood was uttered at a moment when Jesus required the most tender sympathy from those who professed to call themselves his friends. Who can presume to describe the sorrow which at that moment was afflicting him? But he well knew that, although the guilt of the fallen apostle was great, his repentance was of that nature to insure forgiveness. Peter was brought to repentance, but there was an anguish of spirit accompanying his restoration, which the evangelist does not, and could not describe. He tells us, however, how it was manifested, — “Peter went out and wept bitterly.” It was not that sorrow, which has its origin in fear, and leaves the heart as it finds it: it was that sorrow which springs from love, and fills the heart with the tenderest emotions, while it humbles it. When the profane Esau was suffering under the consequences of his folly, he lifted up his voice and wept. Peter not only “wept,” but he “wept bitterly.” That compassionate look of his Lord forced memory to do its work, and to bring to his mind, in shapes too horrible to describe, the broken vows, the slighted warnings, and the compli-

cated crimes he had committed. "He remembered the word of the Lord," and when he thought thereon he wept. But what effects did repentance produce in the conduct of the apostle after such humiliation? It produced in Peter an increasing love for his Master; for scarcely had the Saviour burst the bars of the tomb, when an angel was commissioned to announce the glad tidings to Peter, who was assured by such a message that, notwithstanding his base disowning of him, he still considered him as his apostle and friend.

Look at him, running with eager haste to the deserted sepulchre! The beloved John paused when he reached the sacred casket, and found that the precious jewel had been removed; but the impetuous Peter waited not to examine and calculate, but entered at once into the conquered grave, to behold the memorials of his Master's conquest. Mark his conduct at the sea of Tiberias! "It is the Lord," said John, as he beheld the Saviour standing on the shore; and the sound had no sooner reached his ears, than the ardent Peter sprang into the sea, and hastened to the shore. And what was the scene that followed? Behold a fallen but a forgiven sinner prostrate at his Master's feet, receiving the sweet outpourings of his grace! But a short time previous,

we remember him in the hall of Ananias, a cowardly, trembling apostate, with the tempter exulting in the weakness and shame of his victim, for that was his hour of darkness. What was his character after God had humbled him? He was the noble and undaunted apostle, asserting boldly in the streets of Jerusalem the divinity of Him, who, but a short time before, he had scorned and insulted.

And in the midst of all this invincible boldness, he never forgot the sin which had disgraced him, or to mingle the tears of penitence with the songs of praise. This was indeed a triumph for the gospel. Here our Heavenly Father glorified his grace, and out of evil produced the greatest good. The lesson which this display of mercy addresses to the penitent, is equally obvious. No one can fail to perceive that it was designed to encourage. God himself has pronounced the sorrow of the poor in spirit blessed, and he has not blessed it in vain. His people taste its sweetness. Their happiest hours are those which are spent in meditating on the love of Christ; and while in the enjoyment of such reflections, they envy not the inhabitants of heaven. In the mysterious riches of his goodness the Lord sometimes vouchsafes to his saints, in such seasons as these, peculiar consolations.

He recalls their soul from the contemplation of its own depravity, and tells it to look again with the eye of faith on the cross of his Son. He leads them to their Saviour ; enables them to cast on him the burden of their sin ; and leaves them rejoicing in his salvation. He does not indeed hastily chase away their sorrows ; they are often left to feel much of the bitterness of their sin, and to mourn over its shame ; but, in the end, the clouds and darkness which transgression has spread over their souls are generally dispersed, the day-star arises in their hearts, and the night of their mourning is ended.

In the narrative before us, our Saviour appears to have thought more of Peter's sorrow than of his curses ; more of his tears than of his oaths. Thus, too, did God deal with his servant Job. We read the history of his life, and we see it stained with much that is evil. And yet we do not find God condemning this man. He calls him a perfect and an upright man ; and by his apostle St. James directs us to remember the patience of Job, while he says not a word of his impatience, his murmurings, and complaints. Yet we are not to suppose that God is an indifferent spectator of our transgressions, or altogether blind to them. Such a conclusion would militate against some of the plainest declarations of

his word; it would impeach the perfection of his divine nature, his unalterable omniscience, and his infinite holiness.

The Almighty has ever visited the transgressions of his children with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. It has been so in every age, and so it was in the instance before us. Year after year the fallen David had his sin ever before him, and watered his couch with tears.

So with the repentant Peter; wherever the gospel is preached throughout the world, there also is his falsehood and treachery made known and published. The sin is forgiven, but the shame of it will remain forever.

There are indeed some seasons in the Christian pilgrimage, in which he finds it difficult to believe that God has not forsaken him. Affliction heaped upon affliction presses him down; the consolations which he once enjoyed seem to be withdrawn, and all around him is gloom. The Christian is not allowed to remain in this perplexity long; he prays that the "bitter cup may be removed" from him, and soon he feels the arm of Jehovah placed beneath him; he hears his voice saying to his fainting soul, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

Reader, may you and I be able to say with the
contrite Peter,

“Thy prayer hath saved me, thine embrace
Upheld my soul by sovereign grace ;
Thy arm restored me when I fell ;
I love thee, Lord, thou know'st it well.”

JERUSALEM.

BY REV. S. H. CALHOUN, MISSIONARY TO SYRIA.

I VISITED Jerusalem for the first time in 1839. We had prolonged our stay at Bethlehem, six miles south, waiting for the re-opening of the gates of the Holy City, which had been for some time closed by reason of the plague. Desirous, however, of being as near as possible to the ancient Zion, we determined to remove our encampment to the Mount of Olives. Leaving Bethlehem, therefore, a little before sunset, (it was a pleasant evening in March,) and sending forward our tents and luggage on camels, we pursued our way on foot, and approached Jerusalem just at nightfall. As we descended into the valley of the Son of Hinnom, which passes along the southern border of the city, and wended our way through it to its junction with the Cedron, which comes down from the north along the eastern sides, and thence turning up this latter valley, and crossing an old bridge near the ancient Gethsemane,



J. ALLEN.

J. H. R. U. S. A. L. L. E. M.

ascended the Mount of Olives to near its summit, — all seemed like familiar ground.

Though it was in the dusk of evening, one hardly felt the need of a guide. I could easily imagine that I had been there before. In my boyish days Canaan had been to me as a fairy land. I used to think, as I read the Bible, that though Jerusalem, and Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and the Mount of Olives, might once have been upon earth, surely they could not now be found — if one would search for them, he must go to the Mount Zion above. As a result of the study of after years, however, I had come to form, as I now found, tolerably accurate ideas of the general features of the scenery, especially around Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives, and the neighboring valleys, were in most respects as I expected to find them.

And it is this fact which, in my apprehension, gives the chief interest to a visit in Palestine.

All is in such perfect correspondence with the details of Scripture. One knows, as he wanders about Jordan, and Samaria, and Galilee, that he is in the home of the Bible — that the sacred writers were familiar with *these* mountains, and *these* valleys, and the names of *these* villages. He finds every where the most abundant testimony to their accuracy, even in their minute geographical statements ;

and this in circumstances which preclude the possibility of deception. Monkish traditions have no influence in this matter. Superstition finds here no appropriate aliment wherewith to nourish her delusions. It is not a question about the place where the cross stood, or the locality of the manger, or the sepulchre. On these points the Bible gives us no precise information.

It is the simple testimony of the country itself, in its general features, and in the perpetuity of names often comparatively unimportant, to the scrupulous exactness of the sacred historians.

I find the following observations on the same subject in my notes of a second visit to Palestine in 1843. I was going up from the ancient Joppa, and had reached by nightfall the base of the mountains and hills, among which Jerusalem is situated. We had yet twenty miles before us, but the moon, which was a little past the full, gave us abundant light.

“Those were delightful but solemn hours which we passed that night, as we pursued our way among the mountains of the tribe of Benjamin, with the same moon over our heads which had so often enlightened, in the same regions, the path of the ‘Man of Sorrows.’ I have little anxiety about the precise spot of ground where the cross stood, or the

locality of the sepulchre, or the house of Mary and Martha in Bethany. These and such like details, instead of strengthening faith, (for more or less uncertainty must inevitably rest upon them,) only foster superstition. But I do love to wander over the hills around Jerusalem, to ascend Olivet, to visit Bethlehem and Nazareth.

“I find my faith invigorated by such opportunities; for I know assuredly, and know from the correspondence of what I see around me with what I read in the Scriptures, that I am gazing on the same scenery which was familiar to our blessed Lord in ‘the days of his flesh.’”

But to return. Jerusalem is well represented in the plate before this article. The view is taken from the Mount of Offence. On the right rises up the Mount of Olives. Between you and Jerusalem is the valley of Cedron, and to the left is the valley of Hinnom, which is a continuation of the Gihon valley on the west of the city. Mount Zion swells up from the Hinnom, and that part of it which is without the walls is under cultivation. “Zion shall be ploughed as a field.”

The tomb of David, as it is supposed to be, is still shown. Between it and the city wall is the American Protestant grave-yard; in the back ground is

seen the highest summit of the highest mountains in Palestine, called Neby Samwil, from the tradition that the prophet Samuel was buried there. Most of the heights around Jerusalem are rocky and bare, and yet there are, at least to my eye, some beautiful landscapes.

During one of my visits to Jerusalem, I was spending an hour with a friend just outside the eastern wall, a little south of St. Stephen's gate. While there I improved the opportunity to note on paper some account of the objects around me, from which I subjoin an extract.

“ Behind me, within the wall is Mount Moriah, where the Temple of Solomon once stood, and where now stands the Mosque of Omar. A little to the right was the eastern entrance to the outer court. Near me, and to a considerable distance north and south, are Mohammedan graves. Immediately in front, and at a steep descent, is the valley of Jehoshaphat or Cedron, running southward. Across the Cedron to the east rises the Mount of Olives, perhaps two hundred feet higher than the spot where I am now standing. I see three summits.

“ The middle one is the highest, and almost directly opposite me, as is also the bridge which spans the Cedron. From the bridge I see a road running

up between the northern and middle summits of Olivet, leading to Bethany.

“Another road from the same bridge I trace as it winds along, gradually rising around the southern summit, leading the traveller to the same interesting spot. Small fields of well headed barley clothe the upper parts of the Mount, and give it a rich appearance. Olive trees are scattered over it in every direction.

“I see also the Garden of Gethsemane, (there is but one Gethsemane, and these eyes now behold it,) not confined, as superstition would teach us, to a small inclosure, but occupying, as I suppose, the lower part of the mountain for a considerable distance along the Cedron.

“The lower half of the southern part of Olivet I see covered with Jewish gravestones.

“Hither these despised descendants of Abraham love to come, and find a burial-place in the valley of Jehoshaphat. A little to the south of the southern summit the mountain falls away pretty rapidly, and then bending somewhat to the west rises a little, and thus forms another summit, supposed to be the Mount of Offence, where Solomon erected altars for the worship of pagan deities.

“Between these two last named summits I see,

far in the distance to the southeast, the high mountains of Moab across the Dead Sea."

Jerusalem is, and ever will be, an intensely interesting spot to the Christian. It is a privilege to be permitted to visit it. Such a visit, if rightly improved, will tend to confirm one's faith and promote his sanctification. But let no one think that, if there, he would of course find the worship of God more delightful, or the discharge of duty more easy. He will find, as the writer can testify from his own experience, as many distractions in prayer, and as many (not to say more) temptations to its neglect, on Olivet or on Zion, as in his own retirement at home. "It is neither on this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem."

As already suggested, the principal benefit to be derived from a visit to the Holy Land, is in the testimony one finds to the accuracy and truthfulness of the Scripture writers; a testimony which the sternest disbeliever cannot gainsay, for it is associated with that which is addressed to the eye and the ear, and upon which the Divine Hand has enstamped perpetuity.

PAUL REASONING WITH FELIX.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee. — ACTS xxiv. 25.

ALONE he sat and wept. That very night
The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal
Of eloquence, had warn'd him to repent;
And, like the Roman at Drusilla's side,
Hearing the truth he trembled. Conscience wrought,
Yet sin allured. The struggle shook him sore.
The dim lamp warn'd,—the hour of midnight toll'd;
Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had closed
Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch,
And bade the Spirit of his God depart. —
But there was war within him, and he sighed,
“Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One!
Return when youth is past, and make my soul
For ever thine.”

With kindling brow, he trod
The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice,
And beauty's smile, his joyous pulses woke.
To love he knelt, while on his brow she hung
Her freshest myrtle wreath. For gold he sought,
And winged wealth indulged him, till the world
Pronounced him happy. Manhood's vigorous prime
Swelled to its climax, and his busy days
And restless nights swept like a tide away.
Care struck deep around him, and each shoot
Still striking earthward, like the Indian tree
Shut out with woven shades the eye of Heaven,
When lo ! a message from the Crucified,
"Look unto me and live." Pausing, he spake
Of weariness, and haste, and want of time,
And duty to his children, and besought
A longer space to do the work of Heaven. —
God spake again, when age had shed its snows
On his wan temples, and the palsied hand
Shrank from gold-gathering. But the rigid chain
Of habit bound him, and he still implored
A more convenient season.

See, my step
Is firm and free ; my unquench'd eye delights
To view this pleasant world ; and life with me
May last for many years. In the calm hour

Of lingering sickness, I can better fit
For vast eternity.

Disease approach'd

And reason fled. The maniac strove with death,
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries,
Till darkness smote his eyeballs, and thick ice
Closed in upon his heart-strings. The poor clay
Lay vanquish'd and distorted. But the soul, —
The soul, whose promised season never came,
To hearken to its Master's call, had gone
To weigh his sufferance, with its own abuse,
And abide the audit.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BY REV. S. E. HOWE, D. D.

It is remarkable that we do not read of the miracle of opening the eyes of the blind having been performed in a single instance, till it was wrought by Christ. Indeed, it was foretold as a peculiarity that should mark the Messiah when he came, that he should open the eyes of the blind. The various diseases of the body, are striking emblems of the diseases of the mind; and the miracles which Christ wrought in curing bodily diseases, are emblems of still greater cures which he effects in the soul. As he opened the blind eye of the body, so he gives light to the mind darkened by ignorance and error. As he cleansed the leper from the loathsomeness of his bodily disease, so he cleanses the soul from the pollution of sin; and it is with reference to this fact that we shall consider the history of the blind beggar, as illustrating our spiritual con-

dition as sinners, and the grace and power of Christ in restoring us to spiritual life and health.

We read of this beggar, that he was blind; and this forcibly reminds us that, as the effect of the fall, our "understandings are darkened," as well as our hearts alienated from God. In mere temporal and secular matters we may be quick-sighted and sagacious; it is only in relation to God and our spiritual and eternal interests that we are blind.

This truth we know is offensive to the pride of man; for he boasts of his reason, and trusts to it as his guide. But what has reason, when left without the light of revelation, ever done for him? What is the condition of the most enlightened and civilized heathen nations now; and what was the condition — we mean the religious condition — of the most learned and polished heathen nations of ancient times?

The Egyptians, though famed for their learning, are more famed for the grossness of their idolatry.

The deities of the Greeks and Romans were impure and vile; and at Athens itself, the metropolis of science and refinement, an altar was built to the UNKNOWN GOD.

To boast of the sufficiency of Reason, to be the guide of man in religion, is to contradict his whole

history since the fall, and to close our eyes against innumerable and most humiliating facts. The declaration of the inspired apostle, that "the world by wisdom knew not God," is supported by evidence, against which only the most blinded and prejudiced reason can object. But we need not appeal to the heathen world; we have all around us sad proofs of the blindness of men in relation to their spiritual interests. They are blind as to the true character of God; his spotless holiness, his inflexible justice, his infinite majesty, his almighty power, and their constant dependence upon him, and accountability to him.

They are blind as to their own character and condition; the corruption of their natures, the spirituality of the divine law, the immense value of their souls, and the danger of perishing through sin. They are blind as to the grace and glory of the Lord Jesus, as the Redeemer of men, and of the preciousness of the salvation which he bestows. They apprehend not the reality of these things, nor their own deep interest in them; nor are any suitable emotions awakened in their bosoms, nor are their tempers and their conduct influenced by them. The person whose history is before us, was not only blind, but was also a beggar. He was without the

means of subsistence, and because of his blindness unable to acquire them. He was thus wholly dependent on the charity of others.

In this respect, too, he affords a lively representation of the spiritual condition of man.

By our apostasy from God, we have become poor indeed. We have lost the likeness of God, the knowledge, the righteousness of the true holiness in which we were created, and which were the glory of our nature.

We have lost the friendship and blessing of our Creator, and the interest which we had in him as our Father and portion.

We have lost all right to heaven, or to a participation in its glories and bliss.

These were the rich inheritance of man while he retained his innocence ; but all were lost by sin. — Nor is this all. We have incurred a fearful debt, and have nothing of our own to pay it. “Our iniquities are more than the hairs of our head ;” we are wholly unable to make satisfaction for them. Our best virtues are so imperfect, and mixed with sin, that even they need to be repented of, and can never commend us to our just and holy Judge.

Multitudes indeed trust to them, and boast of

their goodness, even while they are living in sinful indulgences, and choosing the world for their portion. They flatter themselves, that they are rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing. But this is as if a beggar should boast of his rags, and choose his crust, before the richest feast.

The poverty of this beggar, seems to have been of the most abject kind; “for he sat by the wayside begging.” Probably he had no fixed home, nor relatives, who were able or willing to support him, but was thrown an outcast on the cold charities of strangers.

And what home, or what friends to welcome him to rest, and to supply his wants, has the impenitent sinner, who rejects the Saviour?

This life is but a dream, a passing shadow. We have here no fixed abiding place, but are carried away as with a flood; death is constantly breaking down the bodies of men, and driving their spirits out of “the earthly house of their tabernacle;” and without the blessing of God, and the grace of our Redeemer, what peaceful home above can they expect to find in the other world? Even a proud emperor of Rome, felt sad at the prospect, and expressed his sadness in the following plaintive lines:

“Animula vagula, blandula
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abilis in loca
Pallidula, rigida, nudula
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?”

“O wandering, charming, poor little spirit! the guest and companion of my body; into what pale, cold, naked places wilt thou now go away from all thy sports and jests?” Sin has robbed the heart of man of the hope of a glorious immortality; has invested the grave with gloom and darkness, and given to death its sting and its terrors. But blessed be God! Jesus of Nazareth is even now passing by, and from him we may obtain peace and life. The restoration of this blind beggar to sight strikingly represents the manner in which Christ restores to spiritual light and life, the souls of men blinded and depraved by sin. As soon as this poor beggar was told “that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by,” he cried, saying, “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.” Those who were with him rebuked him that he should hold his peace; the meanness of his condition excited their contempt, and the sufferings of a blind beggar awakened no compassion; but their rebukes did not silence or

discourage him: "He cried so much the more, Thou Son of David have mercy on me."

How surprising is it that this blind beggar should have known the true character of Christ, when the Jewish priests and scribes and rulers knew him not. He called him "the Son of David," that is, the promised Messiah and King of Israel, in whom were fulfilled the various prophecies of the Old Testament. He knew that no mere man could heal his disease; that it is only "the Lord who openeth the eyes of the blind;" but he doubtless knew the miracles which Jesus had wrought, as well as the prophecies which foretold his coming, and, influenced by the Holy Spirit, he applied to him for sight.

Thus should the sinner, who feels his blindness and helplessness, cry to Christ for mercy.

He may meet with rebuke and opposition: his conscience may terrify him by bringing to remembrance his past sins; Satan may tempt him to believe that God will not have mercy upon him, and that his iniquities are too many and too aggravated to be pardoned; but let him not be discouraged. Though no other eye pities, and no other arm can save him; though his foes and his fears may be many and strong; there yet is One who is mighty to

save, who is full of mercy and grace ; and he therefore should not cease to pray, but should more earnestly cry, “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.” We perceive that Jesus did not attend at once to the cry of the beggar, but suffered him to cry and cry again. He did this only to try the sincerity of his desires and the strength of his faith. Thus it is now. He often delays for a season to answer the prayers of penitent and troubled sinners ; but he does not therefore disregard them ; he designs only to try and to prove them. He spake a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. The history of the poor widow, who by her importunity overcame the unjust judge ; and of the Syrophenician woman, who succeeded by her repeated entreaties, are recorded for our instruction and encouragement. Though at first Jesus seemed not to hear the cries of this poor beggar, his repeated cries reached his ear, and he commanded him to be brought unto him ; and when he was come near he asked him, saying, “What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?” And he said, “Lord, that I may receive my sight.” And Jesus said unto him, “Receive thy sight ! thy faith hath saved thee.”

What a change was instantaneously wrought in his condition. A moment before, he was immersed

in deeper than midnight darkness ; in an instant, at the word of Jesus, light breaks in upon his blinded eyeballs, and he sees the creation of God spread forth in all its loveliness before him.

He gazes with rapture on the splendor of the sun and the glories of the earth ; and, above all, he gazes with astonishment and gratitude on HIM who had restored his sight.

He is now a new man, and enters on a new life. He no more depends on the charity of others to feed, and clothe, and lead him.

He walks erect and with a firm and steady step, conscious that he is now able to provide for himself, and to grant aid to others.

They are happy, who, like this blind beggar, have access to Jesus, and can spread their prayers before him. They have a season of mercy, rich with blessings. To the humble penitent, saddened and self abased by the remembrance of his sins, and crying to him for mercy, Jesus says, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" He hears their prayers ; he pardons their sins, and by his spirit he enlightens and renews their minds. Then a new world, as it were, opens and rises up before them ; "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," shines in their hearts, "to give the light of the

knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." They now see in Christ unutterable grace and glory, and contemplate with wonder the union of divine justice and mercy, holiness and goodness, in the work of redemption.

New feelings of gratitude and love are awakened within them, while they rejoice in God as their Father and portion in Christ.

Our blessed Redeemer, when he healed the blind beggar, said to him, "Receive thy sight, thy faith hath saved thee." Faith is the trust of the heart in Christ for the reception of spiritual blessings. Unbelief is the rejection of him, as though he were unworthy of our confidence, or unable to supply our wants, and arises from a false and sinful confidence in ourselves.

Faith arises from an humbling conviction of our own sinfulness and inability to save ourselves, accompanied with the firm conviction that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, God manifest in the flesh, mighty to save, and in the entire, cordial reliance of the heart upon him. This faith is necessary for our obtaining the blessings which he only can bestow. The great and the noble, as well as the poor and the mean, the learned and the wise, as well as the unlettered, must come

and receive salvation as his free gift, or miserably perish in their sins. There is every thing in his character and history to invite and encourage our confidence in him. Though he is now the Lord of glory and exalted to be Head over all, he is the same compassionate and condescending Saviour, as when he dwelt as Jesus of Nazareth in the land of Judea. His power, his love, his mercy, and his grace have no bounds.

As he came into the world to save sinners, so now he is "exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins."

Let none despair. Let none imagine that their sins are too many, and their unworthiness too great for them to obtain pardon and salvation. Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost all them who come to God through him." The wretched, the guilty, the poor, and the dying, have ever found a friend and a Saviour in him. He is even now passing by us in the preaching of his word, the administration of his ordinances, the dispensations of his providence, and the strivings of his spirit.

By all these he calls us to himself. He waits that we may come and present to him our petition; and if with true faith we receive him, he will bestow eternal life upon us.

ELIJAH IN THE DESERT.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

'T WAS burning summer o'er the wilderness,
And on the lofty mountains that look up,
With heads uncovered, reverently to heaven.

The shrubs were fainting in the noon-day heat,
And the tired song-birds droop'd their airy wings
In silence mid the still and wilted leaves ;
The herbage lay all languid on the rocks,
The sweet breath of the aromatic vines,
And rich young flowers of glorious forms and hues,
That grew in ravine, cleft, or narrow dell,
Lay on the still air round the drooping cups,
In overpowering fragrance, while a hush
Of sickly languor brooded over all
The rough and thirsty landscape.

Lo ! there comes
An aged wanderer from the wilderness.
With faltering step he lean'd upon his staff,

While toiling up the stern and rocky side
Of the majestic Horeb. His white locks
Were wet with perspiration, and his breast
Heav'd quick and painfully, while his worn feet
Flinch'd from the heated rocks ; yet on he climb'd,
Till the faint flutter of the breeze's wing
Shook balm upon his parch'd and quivering lip,
And bathed his burning eyeballs. Gratefully
He rais'd his face tow'rd heaven, and the sweet
breeze

Lifted his damp white locks, and kiss'd his brow,
Wooing him sweetly to repose and peace.
He sat him down, that hungry, tired old man,
Whose tongue was swollen with thirst, and thank'd
his God

For that delicious visitant,
Which, lifting now the tufts of vines that grew
Upon the rock, beneath whose shade he sat,
Show'd ripe red berries clustering 'mongst the leaves.

His joy gush'd forth in praises as he fed
Upon the cooling fruit, which quench'd his thirst,
And satisfied his hunger. Seeking then
A resting-place, he found a rugged cave
Extending deep into the mountain's breast ;
He enter'd it, and laid him down to sleep
Upon its mossy floor.

And who was he,
 That silver hair'd lone wanderer? He was one
 Whose spirit was so pure, that the great God
 Held high communion with him. Yet the world
 Hated and hunted him from place to place,
 Dogging his steps, and thirsting for his life;
 And he had prayed for death. Yet now he lay
 Calmly in that lone cavern. Holy peace
 Was nestling in his bosom, and his brow
 Was placid as the moonlit summer sky;
 Sleep lay upon his eyelids, as the dew
 Lies upon the closed corolla of the flowers,
 In cool, refreshing beauty. No kind friend
 Was there to watch his slumber, yet the God,
 Who fills all space, was with his servant there
 In that vast solitude. With august voice
 He woke him from his sleep, bade him go forth
 And stand upon the rock before the Lord.

* * * * *

He rose, went forth, and stood on the sheer rock,
 Waiting for God's appearing.

* * * * *

Hark! From far
 A fearful, rushing sound. The heavens grow dark—
 Is God approaching? Lo! a strong, fierce wind

Shriek'd terribly among the caves and clefts
And splinter'd rocks. 'Tis past, and all is still —
God was not in the wind.

Now wakes a sound —
A deep, low moaning in the mountain's breast,
Which trembles fearfully, as if she felt
The dreadful presence. Now her bosom heaves
With strange convulsions, and she bellows forth
Her agony, while the eternal rock,
On which the servant of Jehovah stood,
Shook like a leaf upon the aspen bough,
And mighty rocks fell down, and caverns yawn'd,
And the whole mountain totter'd.

It is past —
God was not in the earthquake.

Lo ! there comes
A more appalling wonder. Surely now
The Terrible is near. Surging along,
Above the wilderness, a flood of fire
Is sweeping toward the mountain. In its way
The atmosphere bursts into whirls of flame,
With frightful detonations. 'Tis too much

For mortal man to meet. With pallid fear
He shrunk within his cave. The fire rush'd past
And vanish'd — but God was not in the fire.

A fine breeze follow'd the fierce element ;
Heaven was serene, and on Mount Horeb lay
The downy wing of silence. On that calm
There came *a still small voice*. * * *
'Tis God ! The servant feels his Sovereign nigh,
He wraps his face within his mantle's folds,
And at the entrance of that hallow'd cave,
With head bow'd down, and meek, attentive soul,
Converses with Jehovah.

JESUS AND HIS DISCIPLES.

BY REV. W. H. FURNESS.

THE intercourse of Jesus with his disciples illustrates his personal qualities, the tenderness and strength of his affection, in a manner true to moral beauty, far beyond my power to describe it. His communion with that little circle is a perfect model of faithful love.

He dealt not in eloquent protestations of regard. We observe no sentimentality, or ostentations condescension, none of the cant of friendship; only, as his life drew to its close, his affection for his friends breaks forth with peculiar tenderness. His peace he gave them, but not as the world giveth.

He compared himself and his chosen disciples to a vine and its branches. This similitude we are accustomed to characterize as bold and oriental. But as we dwell upon its meaning, the boldness of the metaphor vanishes, and we perceive that it does but imperfectly express what Jesus designed

to say. When you look upon a vine or a tree, pushing forth its thousand branches, adorned with foilage and laden with fruit, you see only an inadequate representation of that unity of spirit which may subsist between human beings, and which did subsist between Jesus and his disciples. What life did they draw from him? Before they became acquainted with him, they were obscure individuals, laboring every day at the humblest employments, confined to a narrow sphere.

The world knew nothing of them, and they, nothing of the world, dwellers upon the shores of an inland sea. But there came One from Nazareth, into whose countenance as they looked, to whose voice as they listened, their spirits began to burn within them. They left their boats, and followed him.

At every step of the way, their hearts were knit more and more closely to his, and the living truth which fed his existence, and made him the godlike being that he was, was gradually infused into the bosoms of these poor fishermen.

He captivated their imaginations. He entered into their very hearts, and was enthroned there. The thought of him became the soul of their life; he dwelt in them. As he thus abode in them, so

they abode in him ; he received them into himself. By the force of love, more powerful than the embracing arms of an angel, he took them to his bosom, and there they were cherished among the most sacred objects of his being. How patiently did he bear with their narrowness ! What pains did he take to enlighten and enlarge their views ! With what terms of endearment did he address those simple minded men, calling them his friends, his children, occasionally reproving them, but never breathing a word of contempt ! We divide ourselves into classes ; we acknowledge distinctions of place and education ; we can accord our sympathy only to such as we consider constituted like ourselves, possessed of a similar amount of information ; we are prone to shut ourselves up, as if there were few or none capable of any communion with us.

How humbling the contrast between the great Master and his modern disciples ! Vast was the distinction between him and that lowly circle that surrounded him.

They were ignorant. He was inspired with the profoundest wisdom. Their imaginations were carried away by the fading glories of the world. He looked at things invisible, heavenly, everlasting ;

yet wide as was the difference between him and them, he loved them still, and took the heartiest interest in their society. They could afford him no comfort proportionate to his need; still he evidently was comforted by their simple devotion, and their presence soothed the burthened heart of the Man of Sorrows. And what strength did they in their turn draw from him? As the branches derive nourishment from the parent vine, so they became new men, rich in immortal fruit. Once humble laborers, interested only in the daily successes of a mean occupation, knowing and caring nothing about the fortunes of the great world, they are transformed into the servants of their race. The lake of Galilee is forsaken, and the world becomes their sphere, and men are the objects of their toils. Affections, of which they dreamed not, awake within them; and they hunger so for a world's welfare, that they are ready to sacrifice every thing for it, the good opinion of men, the favor of the great, and life itself. An unconquerable energy is infused into their whole being, and they become conspicuous in achieving the greatest revolution the world has ever known; a revolution which prostrated thousands of altars and thrones, and reared vast empires on their ruins; and now the names of those

first disciples have become household words upon the lips of nations.

Their Master assured them they should sit upon twelve thrones, and be as twelve judges in Israel. The promise has been more than fulfilled. In the place they now hold among men, they are far more illustrious than the occupants of the proudest thrones on earth.

This wondrous transformation in the fishermen of Galilee was wrought by the personal influence of Jesus. Through the love he evinced and inspired, new and plenteous communications of life and light were made. He strengthened their hearts and hands. He was the vine of which they were the branches, the body of which they were the vigorous members. In the most vital sense of the word, he dwelt with them and in them, even when he was no longer personally present. Suffering became honorable in their eyes, because it brought them into closer union with him, the great Sufferer; and they gloried in showing their affection for him, even by tears and blood. Such was the power of Jesus as a friend; such was his influence upon those who enjoyed his personal regard.

But the most touching manifestations of his spirit, in relation to his disciples, appear in the last hours

which he passed with them just before his death. He, who of all men most needed to be comforted then, undertakes the office of consoler. The Evangelist John, in recording so fully the various considerations by which Jesus sought to sustain the sinking minds of his followers, has proved his claim to the title of the beloved disciple, and shown the congeniality of his spirit with the spirit of his Master. Well do the sons and daughters of affliction turn always first to the fourteenth chapter of John. What a fountain of consolation flows forever there! We may judge how utterly cast down the disciples of Jesus were at that moment, by the pains he takes to moderate their sorrow. He suggests every possible topic of comfort. "Be not distressed," he says; "rely upon God; rely upon me." By their best hopes, by the expectation of beholding him again, by their regard for him, ("If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I go unto my Father. My Father is greater than I,") and for their own true comfort, he bids them be of good cheer.

For their sake, he assures them that it is necessary he should depart. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you." He promises them that, after his departure, they shall have that which shall supply his place, another guide, another comforter,

the Spirit of Truth ; or, in other words, a true spirit, a true mind, a state of feeling, which, being in accordance with truth, enabling them to see things as they are, and in no false light, would afford them guidance and consolation, and be to them, what he had been, an instructor and friend.

His personal presence was an obstacle to the enlargement of their views ; for, so long as he was with them, despite all that he could do or say, they clung to the idea of a wordly empire.

Their hearts were set upon his assuming a princely state. They needed more potent instructions than could be conveyed by mortal lips, even though they were the lips of Him who spake as never man spake. There is no teaching like the teaching of events. These are the language of God. Hence the words of Jesus were of themselves insufficient thoroughly to enlighten his disciples. The facts of his life, death, and resurrection were necessary, and they wrought with power upon his personal friends, unsealing their mental vision, and leading them to defer more and more unreservedly to his authority. With what perfect truth, then, did he say, “ It is expedient for you that I go away ; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you.” How much truer became the spirit of their minds !

What comfort had they in these better views ! Gratefully must they have confessed that the promise of their Master was fulfilled. Another Comforter came and took up his abode in their hearts.

Reader, you are a member of an affectionate circle. There is one to whom the rest of the little band look with fondest hopes, a parent or a child. He is in no feeble sense your life. The idea of losing him you cannot entertain. What would become of you ? How could you live, and what should you live for, if that idol were taken from you ? The sun may go down at noon ; the earth may be shaken out of its place ; but if that life is touched, chaos would come to you, and existence be without form and void. To you, that precious friend is scarcely less than Jesus was to his disciples, the centre of your hopes, the spring of your life. But suddenly that light is quenched ; the rock on which you rest vanishes ; and for you it is as if a great voice, like that heard by the Roman when he burst into the burning temple of Nature, saying, "Let us depart," and creation were forsaken of its God. And yet with what truth might your departing friend take up the words, "It is expedient for you that I go away ; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come." How little have we of

a true spirit, while we are clinging idolatrously to a being, frail as ourselves ! We are living in the light of a human countenance, on which the ghastliness of death may pass at any moment, when we were made to live in the cloudless light of eternal truth. It is necessary for us that those, who are to us as gods, should go away ; for while they remain, and we lavish on them all our affections, the true Comforter cannot come.

THE HEART'S SONG.

BY REV. A. C. COX.

IN the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom door ;
How it knocketh — knocketh — knocketh —
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour stands entreating,
Rise, and let me in.

Death comes down, with equal footstep,
To the hall and hut ;
Think you Death will stand a-knocking,
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth —
But thy door is fast ;
Griev'd at length, away he turneth —
Death breaks in at last !

Then 't is thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in ;
At the door of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas, thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot ?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But — he knows thee not !

MOSES SEEING THE INVISIBLE.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH H. JONES, D. D.

IN the account given of the Exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt, nothing surprises us more than the conduct of their leader.

His refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, an alliance by which he would have succeeded to the throne of Egypt; his "choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God," rather than to receive honor from their oppressors; his bold and fearless intercession; and at last, the manner of his exit, not deterred by the menaces of the king.

However appalling the prospect before him, in the view of others — disgrace, poverty, extreme bodily peril, and perhaps death — yet none of these things moved him. There were other things, and greater far than these, by which he was influenced, and

that had a substantial presence, though invisible to the eye of sense.

Those grand and awful realities of the unseen world, hidden from the vision of others, were virtually open to his ; and hence Moses acted as if the Judge of quick and dead, to whom he was to give an account, was present, to counsel, direct, and overawe him.

But what is here affirmed of him, must be more or less true in relation to all who are governed by his principles. While the objects which present the predominant motives, or the main springs of their conduct, are unseen, they act habitually as if they were visibly before them. But the idea here is complex, and contains the following two.

That the things which furnish the most cogent motives to a religious life are invisible ; and that the true and consistent believer lives habitually as if he saw them.

The former of these propositions, it is well known, has been urged by the skeptical as a serious objection to our religion. That it is so hidden, and obscure, and unsearchable, and so little conversant with objects of sense, that are best suited to affect us in our present condition — that its rewards and punishments, mainly, are prospective, or look to

a future state, and not to the present. So of its doctrines — how abstruse and incomprehensible; and what a thick and impenetrable darkness hangs over the grave! Who knows in reality any thing about it? You require us to believe, say they, that what we call death is but the beginning of everlasting life; that dying is not the end of consciousness, but a physical change, or a separation of the mortal from the immortal part of man; and this but for a season, when they are to be united again in another world, and to be forever happy or miserable, according to the moral condition of the man at his exit. But how little of this is warranted by what we see, while so much that is visible seems to militate against it! The Saviour, who is represented as the only object of hope and trust for the guilty, is also unseen; and God, no eye hath seen nor can see in this world certainly, and perhaps in the world to come! Now why is this? Why should that sort of truth, on whose practical influence depends the eternal well-being of the soul, be so hidden from our senses? Why not indulge us occasionally with the sight of a resurrection? — the thing is so easy for God to do! Why not permit the re-appearing of a departed friend, to tell us about the invisible world? Why could not the Apostle

Paul, Father Austin, or Luther, Calvin, Wesley, or some other distinguished spirit, come back for a time, for the comfort and confirmation of our faith, as did Moses and Elias for the benefit of Peter and John? Is not the object of sufficient importance to warrant it?

And to this we can but briefly reply,—that the objection implied in these inquiries would be weighty, if the evidence of sense were the only sort that is satisfactory and conclusive; were it in all circumstances the best, and if the main hindrance to a practical belief of religious truth were in the mind, and capable of being dislodged by argument, and not in the heart, beyond the reach of any appeals to the reason; or had not the utter impotency of this ocular demonstration been exposed by repeated cases of restoration to life, recorded in the Scriptures, and none more signal than the example of Lazarus; we might then admit, that a want of the evidence of sense to certain truths of our religion, is a solid argument against it. But the power of this has been tried under both economies of the church; and had the Saviour condescended to open the door of the unseen world a hundred times, and evoked Abraham, and Jacob, and scores of departed Hebrews to the earth again, it could have proved no more

concerning a future state of existence, than was shown in thus recalling the spirit of this brother of Bethany. Indeed, the understanding of the spectators was convinced; and the evangelist tells us that the chief priests and pharisees admitted the reality of his miracle, but the truth which it confirmed was repelled by their heart.

It is therefore a mistake, that the motives of religion are so inoperative, because they are drawn from things that are invisible or remote. Indeed, it could easily be shown, as a well known author has demonstrated, that "it is rather our senses that are continually leading us into error, and that our knowledge, even of sensible objects around us, is to a very great extent more presumptive than real." Who is yet to be told that the language, or terms of what we call science, are rather symbols of what we do not know, than exponents of what we do? — The moment we begin to catechise this Philosophy, which is the idol of the unbeliever, and ask her to explain her vocabulary, and tell us what she means by such familiar words as Matter and Motion — Gravitation — Electricity — Life — Space — Mind — Soul and Body — she is confounded at once; we turn aside, dissatisfied with her ingenious nomenclature of technical definitions, invented, as

we see, to conceal her ignorance; and are left as unacquainted with the nature or essences of objects that we see, and hear, and taste, and feel, as we are of the invisible things of God.

There is as much which is perplexing in science, and which is to be received on credit, as there is in religion. A signal illustration of these remarks might be taken from the writings of the amiable Berkeley, who has evinced such masterly acumen in endeavoring to disprove the existence of matter, in maintaining that we and all around us are phantoms, ideas, or spirit, and there is no such thing as material substance. Amazing effrontery! you say; a trifling with the reason and common sense and understanding of men, which is unpardonable in any, and more especially in an eminent prelate, a consecrated teacher of religion. And yet the Bishop of Cloyne has only taken up the principles laid down by philosophy — the pride and glory of rationalism; the philosophy of men of no less repute than Descartes, Malebranche, and Locke, as their doctrines have been generally received and carried out to their legitimate conclusions. Indeed, the very works in which this theory is defended were written against skeptics and atheists; and while the Christian reader finds nothing in them to impair his

confidence in religion, he certainly does not think more highly of human reason or philosophy. It argues poorly for the infallibility of this, that Bishop Berkeley should have written a book, (that, according to Reid and others, never has been, nor can be answered,) in which he has proved, by irrefutable arguments, what no man in his senses ever can believe.

We might turn then upon the boaster of the sufficiency of reason, and inquire, Why is this? Why is knowledge, derived through the senses and by study, so uncertain and unsatisfying? and what solution can be given of a problem so occult, unless we receive that which revelation furnishes in the lapsed and degenerate condition of man; which teaches, that "the things which are seen" are uncertain, unsatisfying, and fallacious, but that those which are real and worthy of trust are "invisible." That while they who look to the former, will be disappointed and lost, like mariners who embark in an unseaworthy ship; those, on the other hand, will infallibly be happy, as well as secure, who rely on that higher good which lies beyond and without the scope of mortal vision; that new and surprising faculty, by the help of which these things, so unseen and remote, are apprehended, is called FAITH.

Hence the scriptural classification of believers and unbelievers is founded, not on the comparative amount of their intellect, their advantages of education, nor theoretical religious knowledge, but on the state of their hearts. The difficulty in believing or disbelieving any credible proposition, as is familiarly known, depends less upon the amount of evidence by which it is supported, than on its being adapted to the taste.

How much easier to convince a man of what he loves and wishes to believe, than of what he dislikes! "If you would have me believe you," says Jeremy Taylor, "my heart must be in unison with your proposition." To produce this "unison," is the prerogative of the Spirit. By his effective teachings, the heart, with its affections and tastes, is brought into conformity with the heavenly "proposition," or the invisible realities of the spiritual world, which are now become operative on the conduct.

And of this new or second order of persons, represented by Moses, we may affirm not only that they see what is invisible to others, but that they live as though they saw it. Faith, evangelical faith! brings spiritual objects, remote as they are to sense, so near as to give them a substantial presence.

Hence faith is defined to be the “substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen;” or, as Archbishop Leighton expresses its agency, “Faith lifts the soul, not only above sense and sensible things, but above reason herself; and, as reason corrects the errors of sense, so faith corrects the mistakes of reason. To the eye of the body, the sun seems less than the wheel of a chariot; but reason teaches the philosopher that it is bigger than the whole earth, and the cause that it seems so little, is its great distance.

“The naturally wise man is equally deceived by this carnal reason in his estimate of Jesus Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, and the cause is the same, viz., his great distance from him. He accounts Christ and his glory as smaller matter than his own gain, honor, or pleasure; for these are near him, and he sees their quantity to the full, and counts them bigger, yea, far more worth than they are indeed.” But they, who are so enlightened as to see these distant glories of Christ in their proper dimensions, not only acknowledge their paramount excellency, but live as though they saw them.

The unseen heaven is constantly before them as their home, the place of their everlasting rest; so that, in all their wanderings as pilgrims and

sojourners, they never lose sight of a mansion in this house of their Father.

The unseen hell, too, is before them — not as a figment of pagan mythology, but as an appalling reality, to be escaped as Lot was urged to flee from the fire and brimstone bursting upon Sodom. The law of God is before them. It was unseen once, and, like Saul of Tarsus, they “were alive without it;” but the scales have fallen from their eyes also, and they see it plainly now. Once it was in the path before them invisible, like the angel with a drawn sword in the way of Balaam; but now they see, that, had they been left of God a little longer, they would have been slain upon its point. Such, then, is a characteristic distinction between the two classes that are found in the Christian community, the real believer and the nominal; and if only they belong to the former, who evince their faith in the invisible realities of religion by their life, must we not infer that the number of those who possess the faith of the gospel is much smaller than the number of those who profess it?

Where is the man who lives habitually as if he felt the eye of the invisible and rein-trying God to be continually upon him? Who is he that treats the precepts of the law as if its Omnipotent Author

were present to bestow its gracious rewards, or enforce its terrific penalties ?

Did we but cherish habitually a practical sense of the Divine presence, what a controlling influence would it exert upon our conduct. What an effect would it have upon the grossly profane, the dishonest, the licentious, and the vile, did they but realize that the penetrating eye of this pure and Omniscient God is pursuing them in every haunt of iniquity, however secret and hidden from the eye of man !

To the great mass of such, alas ! he is only a Deity in theory, the article of a creed, a metaphysical abstraction, — “ a God afar off, and not at hand.” But how soon must this Epicurian dreaming be over, and the curtain fall which now separates the “ seen from the invisible.” It may seem distant to many, at the same time that it is fearfully near. A slip of your foot, a mistake of your apothecary or doctor, a cold, a fever, an epidemic disease, an accident as the world calls it, or some arrow from the ten thousand, which fill the Almighty’s quiver, may lay us low before the dawning of another sun, and reveal to us the visible retributions of eternity !

Nor are these things any more distant or unreal, because so many treat them as the mere fiction of

a Virgil or Dante, and not the inspirations of God. Man is not a spiritual alien and a wanderer because his true condition has not been revealed; he rejects the Saviour, not because he does not hear him preached, nor even listen with assent to the story of his coming, and works, and suffering, as a friend and substitute; but, with all this persuasion of his mind and conscience, he is still an unbeliever.

Like the spectators at the grave of Lazarus, he sets at naught the truth which he admits. The arrow of conviction falls short of his heart, and the real excellency of the Saviour is invisible. Imagine a garden of exquisite beauty, adorned with every plant, and fruit, and flower, that money and taste can collect, with fountains and rivulets to add to its varied attractions. Suppose that you meet a stranger here, who, with an eye to all appearance healthful, passes along without bestowing the least attention upon a single object; in your bursts of rapturous delight, as you look at this or that most beautiful parterre, blooming in beauty and exhaling the sweetest fragrance, he is silent, and responds by returning only a vacant gaze; surely, you would say, this stranger is blind — eyes he has, but they see not, or he does not see as I see, or what I see; and upon inquiry, your conjecture is found to be

correct. What you see is invisible to him; the man is blind, and something more is wanted than your taste, botanical knowledge, and commendation, to make him share in your enjoyment.

The case supposed is easily interpreted. "The natural man," says the apostle, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know, because they are spiritually discerned."

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work." All nature teems with exhibitions of his greatness and goodness, as revelation glows with the glory of his grace. The earth is flooded with light, and the man has the medium, but he wants the faculty of vision. Come, then, O thou Spirit of light and life, descend as thou didst on chaos in the beginning, and brood over the writer as well as the reader of these pages. "What in us is dark, illumine; what is low, raise and support." Reveal to our hearts, as well as our minds, the unseen realities of that brighter, better world, — where faith is changed to sight, and hope expires in fruition.

“JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.”

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WATCHER, who wakest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on with their midnight train,
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake,
Holding thy breath lest her sleep should break,
In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh, —
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table and hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;
There is one who can tell of a home on high, —
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may know,

Wrestling, the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin ;
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry, —
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Mourner, who sittest in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle and rose instead,
Look up from the tomb with a tearful eye, —
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Fading one, with the hectic streak,
In thy veins of fire and thy wasted cheek,
Fearest thou the shade of the darkened vale,
Look to the Guide who can never fail ;
He hath trod it himself! He will hear thy sigh, —
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

JESUS AT THE WELL OF SAMARIA.

BY REV. JAMES FLINT, D. D., SALEM, MASS.

WHOEVER reads the several evangelists with the slightest attention, will perceive that we are indebted to John, the beloved disciple, for our knowledge of many of the most interesting incidents, which occurred in the ministry of Jesus, and particularly for a more detailed account of some of his most remarkable conversations. As an instance in point, we have, in the fourth chapter of John's gospel, an invaluable record of what took place, and of the pregnant and very remarkable discourse of Jesus at the well of Samaria.

As usual, from the commencement to the close of his public ministry, Jesus was going about teaching and doing good. He was now journeying from Judea to Galilee. His most direct route would lead him through the confines of Samaria. About mid-day, fatigued with travelling under the scorching sun of that warm climate, he reached the fertile

plain of Sichem, and sat down by a remarkable well near Sychar. Here he rested beneath the refreshing shade of the palm or other trees, which it has always been customary in the East to plant around the wells, to which the neighboring inhabitants resort to supply themselves with water in their dwellings, and to give drink to their cattle. He had sent his disciples into the city to procure food, so that he was left alone to enjoy the cool atmosphere about the well, sheltered by the thick foliage of the trees from the burning rays of the noontide sun.

In the meantime, during the absence of the disciples, a Samaritan woman came to the well for water. After his accustomed manner, always intent upon the execution of his divine mission, he holds a most interesting and instructive conversation with this woman, evidently of the uneducated working class of females. Knowing, and as he elsewhere gives thanks, that it was the will of his Father that *what was hidden from the wise should be revealed to babes*, having come from the Father to break down the world-barriers, that separated his children, — to glorify and show to them the greatness of their common nature, — he speaks to the woman, and, as a friendly wayfarer, requests her to give him a drink of water from the vessel she brought with her to take

water from the well. She, in reply, expresses her surprise that he, being a Jew, should ask drink of her, a Samaritan woman, supposing him, like the rest of his countrymen, infected with the national scorn and hatred of the Samaritans. How beautiful and of how deep significance the reply of Jesus: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." Jesus here either speaks of himself as the gift of God, who is called by Paul *the unspeakable gift*, or he has reference to that, next to Jesus, greatest, best, divinest gift of God, viz. the Holy Spirit, which he elsewhere assures us, God is more ready to give to them that ask this inestimable boon in true prayer, than the best of human parents are to give to their children, that ask of them such things as they have to give.

Jesus was himself the greatest, most perfect manifestation of the love of God; his teachings were all of them unerring, divine truth; his life was a sinless, all-loving exhibition of the Divine life, which it was the great end of his mission to communicate to as many as should receive and obey the truth, by living as Jesus taught and lived. He accordingly paints to the woman that sanctifying truth, that

Divine life, which he was teaching and living under the beautiful image of a well-spring of living water — an image most delightful to an inhabitant of a sultry eastern clime. The woman, understanding Jesus to mean the water in the well, asks, as the well was deep and he had nothing to draw with, “From whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children and his cattle?” Of the new and spiritual life of faith, — of the happiness of cordially receiving his truth, and living his heavenly and divine life, no language could convey a more vivid and delightful idea than the reply of Jesus to the woman. “Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.” Thus, under this figure, Jesus pictured forth for her the Divine life, which he had come to impart, which alone can quench the thirst of the soul, and is, for all who receive it, an endless stream of life flowing onward into eternity.

This was all too spiritual and heavenly for the comprehension of this poor, uninstructed, unspir-

itual, Samaritan woman. She, in her simplicity replies, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." His words must have appeared to her not a little enigmatical; but the principal idea she received from them was to her very delightful, — that of having a living fountain of water to bear about within her, like the camel of her country, ever ready for daily use, and to quench her thirst without the labor of coming to the well for it.

Jesus, that he might impress her untaught and unsophisticated mind with a sense of his supernatural endowments and character, gives a turn to the conversation, that proved to her that her private history was known to him. He says to her, "Go, call thy husband, and come hither." She replies, as he must have known she would, "I have no husband." Jesus says to her, "Thou hast well said, I have no husband; for thou hast had five husbands, and he, whom thou now hast, is not thy husband; in that thou saidst truly." The woman instantly, as he must have intended she should, inferred from the remarkable stranger's knowledge of her present condition, and the private history of her past life, that he must be a prophet. It is the opinion of an eminent commentator upon the passage, that Jesus

also gave this turn to the conversation “to make the woman look *within*, as self-knowledge alone can prepare us rightly to apprehend divine things.” She immediately, and most naturally, besides wishing to divert the attention of the wonderful stranger from her not very creditable private character, adverts to the great point of dispute that had engendered the rancorous and irreconcilable hatred, that had so long subsisted between the Jews and Samaritans. “Our fathers,” she says, pointing to Mount Gerizim, towering near by in solemn grandeur above the plain, “worshipped in this mountain; but you [Jews] say that Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.” Instead of directly settling the question, as she seems to have expected he would, being as he was a prophet, who must know which was in the right, the Jews or the Samaritans, while he indirectly decides in favor of Jerusalem, Jesus announces one of the grandest and most momentous objects of his mission, viz. the abolition of the merely outward, ritual Jewish worship, — a worship restricted to particular times and a specified place, — and the introduction instead of a purely spiritual worship, subject to no restrictions in regard to times or place, — the soul’s worship of God, as the universal Father, who is

Spirit, and can be acceptably worshipped only by the mind or spirit, in the exercise of spiritual affections and affinities, that assimilate the soul of the worshipper to the Divinity, who is Spirit, and the loving Father of all human spirits. "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth. The woman saith unto him, I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come, he will tell us all things. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee, am he."

Thus, worship by external rites, restricted to particular times, or to a particular place, as was that of the Jews, he tells the woman, is soon to be superseded by the spiritual worship, which he describes. The Jewish worship was to be continued till after the manifestation, or coming of the Redeemer and his kingdom. It was to prepare the way for the Redeemer, that this worship had

been instituted and was continued in Jerusalem, and that the prophets from time to time announced and prepared the minds of the people of Judea to expect the coming of the Messiah. Hence the Jews knew what their worship meant. The Samaritans, receiving only the Pentateuch, and discarding the other sacred writings of the Jews, including the Prophets, knew not the purport of their worship. It was from the Jews that the Messiah, or the salvation he was to bring, should come. Afterwards their ritual, external worship was to be superseded by the true, internal, soul-worship of the Father.

This true worship, Jesus tells the woman is soon to prevail, — is already begun. It was realized in its perfection in himself, and he was sowing the seeds that would perfect it in his disciples, and through them in all who should receive and live the truth, which Jesus taught and lived.

He had now made himself known to the woman as the Messiah, — had announced and described to her the Divine life and the true spiritual worship of the Father, which he came to introduce. Upon the communication to the woman of this sublime truth by Jesus, a celebrated German divine makes the following remark. “The aristocracy of education, the one-sided intellectualism of the ancient world,

was uprooted by Christ when he uttered this grand truth to an uneducated woman, who belonged to an ignorant and uncultivated people. *For all men alike, the HIGHEST must spring from life, and not from culture.*" *

As Jesus was thus concluding his discourse with the woman, his disciples came with the provisions they had purchased; and they marvelled that he should be talking with the woman. Yet none of them, however curious they might be to learn why, or upon what subjects, he had been conversing with the woman, presumed to question him. The woman in joyful haste, leaving the vessel she had brought to take water from the well, ran to the city, and says to the men she met, "Come, see a man, who told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" They then came out of the city, and in crowds thronged the way to Jesus.

In the meanwhile, the disciples urge him to partake of the food they had procured. "But he said to them, I have meat to eat, that ye know not of." They, understanding his words in their literal sense, began to divine where he could have obtained food in their absence, and why he con-

* Neander's Life of Christ, p. 184.

versed with the Samaritan woman, supposing him infected, like themselves, with the national prejudice, which prevented the Jews from having any friendly intercourse with the Samaritans. Jesus then drops the figure, and in plain language says to them, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." As if he had said, 'To sow the seed for the general diffusion of the kingdom of God among men,—to fulfil the gracious purposes of my mission,—this is my most satisfying refreshment, the repast most invigorating and grateful to my spirit, that can suspend even the sensations of bodily fatigue and hunger.' While he would thus make his disciples comprehend the unquenchable zeal he felt, and the joy it gave him to announce glad tidings to the poor, to direct as many as possible in the way to spiritual blessedness and eternal life, crowds of people were seen approaching from the city. Animated with the prospect of prosecuting with success the object of his mission, and of communicating to these Samaritans the divine truths he was commissioned to proclaim to the world, he continues his discourse, comparing the crowd before him to a field of wheat, ripe for gathering, himself and his disciples to reapers.

It was in the midst of seed-time, which in that

region ranges between the middle of October and the middle of December, and the laborers were seen preparing and sowing the fields for a future harvest; and Jesus says to his disciples, "Say not ye there are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest. Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already for the harvest." As if he had said, 'The husbandman labors, as you see, endures heat and fatigue, and, often made anxious by drought and other unpropitious aspects of the season, waits long in submission and patience for the appointed months of harvest. But see, without the toil or delay of going from place to place, these poor, unhappy, ignorant, and despised Samaritans are flocking towards us to find the Messiah, and to be instructed in his kingdom. The food, the refreshment of my spirit, of which I spoke just now, my chosen and chief joy, as I am preparing you to do to others, is to teach this multitude, and as many as will hearken to me, the will of my Father, and to lead them into the way that conducteth to eternal life.' Still continuing his discourse, Jesus adds, "He that reapeth [in this field] receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that

saying true, one soweth and another reapeth. I have sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labor ; other men have labored, and ye have entered into their labors."

Jesus here is supposed to have covertly alluded to his death. He was to sow the seed of Divine truth ; his disciples were to reap the harvest, which would not be till after his death, which was necessary to produce the harvest ; as he says of himself elsewhere, " Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, [signifying what death he should die,] will draw all men unto me." He that sowed the seed should die, and they should reap. In the words of the writer before cited, " A profound glance into the soul of Christ, and the secret connection of his thoughts, is now opened to us. He cannot utter this prediction of the glorious harvest that is to follow the seed which he has sown, without the mournful though pleasant thought, that he should not live to see its gathering. He must leave the earth before the harvest-home ; nay, his death itself is to prepare the way for it. So he tells his disciples that *they* should reap what *he* had sown ; but he shall rejoice with them. * * * * *

Distant intimations like this were the only announcements of his approaching death, that Christ made at this early period of his ministry.”* The rejoicing together of Jesus and his disciples, which he here announces, was not to be realized in its highest and ultimate fruition, till they too should die, and go to be with him where he is, and there to rejoice together with him in his Father’s heavenly presence, to go no more out forever.

Thus forgetful of the wants of the body, while he could gratify the hunger and thirst of his divine spirit in feeding the famishing souls of men with the bread of life, did Jesus at that ancient well of Samaria, memorable in patriarchal history, reveal himself and the eternal life to the soul of a poor, despised Samaritan woman; and at the same time instruct and prepare his disciples to enter upon the God-appointed and laborious duties of their apostleship,—unfolding to their view eternal rewards, the mutual rejoicings together of the laborers, and of all who should be saved through the instrumentality of their labors.

* Neander’s *Life of Christ*, p. 185.

LAZARUS.

BY GEORGE BETTNER, ESQ.

BEHOLD the tomb where Friendship sleeps,
The Saviour bows — he bows and weeps;
'Tis thus he mourns for those that die,
When none to soothe or save are nigh.

What tenderness reserved for thee,
Thou humble one of Bethany!
Heaven never shone in brighter beam,
From Tabor's mount or Jordan's stream.

“Hadst thou been here he had not died,” —
What agony his bosom tried!
On Heaven he called, nor called in vain,
The dead walks forth to life again.

His bands are loosed, and freed he goes
To share the world's unpitied woes,
To feel the pangs that flesh must brave,
And find his Paradise the grave.

RUTH.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

“THY God shall be my God !” Strong was the faith
Of that young Moabitess, who forsook
Her native country and her father’s house
For Israel’s God. There is no spot on earth,
Where sunshine is so bright, the dew so pure,
The grass so green, the summer flowers so sweet,
The birds so blithe, as in our native land.

Beside our fathers’ heartstone gushes up
The only spring of human tenderness,
In which the heart can bathe without a fear
Of falsehood, treachery, or forgetfulness.

But Ruth had heard of God. She could not stay
Where men bow down to demons ; so she broke
All her heart’s idols, and went trembling forth,
Poor and a widow, to a strange land,
To seek the living God. No dream of love,
Of wealth, or fame, allured her. Meek of heart
Was that fair, gentle creature, who went forth

To be a gleaner in the field of him
With whom she could find grace. Well didst thou
 prove,
Thou young devoted proselyte to God,
That he is a rewarder of all those
That diligently seek him.

 Couldst thou then,
While gleaning barley o'er the stubble field,
Have look'd beyond the impenetrable mist,
That hides the vista of futurity
From our presumptuous vision, thou hadst seen
Love, wealth, and princely honors waiting thee ;
And thy descendants, an illustrious line
Of kings and princes, reaching down to Him,
Of whose dominion there shall be no end,
And thy name written for posterity,
And honored to the latest hour of time.

SIMON PETER.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

A MORE simple character than Peter's could not well be studied. The oldest of the apostles — one of the earliest of the disciples — a fisherman by profession — the Saviour's host at Capernaum — the first in danger, first in duty, first in the confession of Christ, and first in his denial — he seems the born head of the new church, until the conversion of Paul gave to the cause a champion yet more heroic. His life certainly cannot be wanting in the highest moral lessons ; his spirit may well pass before us, to rebuke our halting obedience, our languid attachment, our half-way confession of the Master.

There is, I cannot but think, peculiar confirmation of the credibility of the gospels, in their artless yet perfectly symmetrical presentation of Peter. Unacquainted as they were with the sketching of character, an art of very modern date, here is a character

uniformly in harmony with itself — a character running its marked traits to excess, yet never deviating from them — doing at times what it seemed impossible for him to do, yet just as unconscious as a babe of his extravagance — surprising us with wonderful glimpses of heroism, which look strange enough beside his frequent cowardice, yet which, viewed a little farther, stand out before us in a lustrous consistency — whose development comes along necessarily in the current of the Saviour's experience.

Who does not see that these most childlike narrators give us, in every thing which this apostle does or fails to do, the same disinterestedness and daring, the same forward, sanguine spirit, the same entire ignorance of himself, the same perfect reliance on Christ? and yet, mingling in bold contrast with this, what a headstrong and precipitate temper, how easily surprised, how soon dismayed, how continually liable to veer from one pole of feeling to the other.

The same fervid zeal that impelled him to walk needlessly on the swollen sea — that protested, "I will lay down my life for thy sake" — that even rebuked Jesus when he spake of his own death, saying, "Be it far from thee, it shall not be done

unto thee !” — that exclaimed at the supper, “Thou shalt never wash my feet” — that drew the unbidden weapon of assault, and gave the first blow in the garden of betrayal — preserves every where the same moral likeness. From beginning to end, there appear the same fluctuations of thought and emotion, the same terror at peril, the same treachery in extremity, until the resurrection of Jesus and the descent of the Holy Spirit started him anew, — a changed creature.

It was the self-same mind which leaped in each case to the farthest extreme — which burst out in the exclamation, “Not my feet only, but my hands and my head” — which cried on the tossing waves, “Save me, or I perish,” while in perfect safety beneath his Master’s eye — which shortly after denied him with repeated oaths in the judgment-hall — which broke forth then in a repentance deep as the offence, in a contrition acceptable to the searching eye of Jesus, and not wanting in the experience of after years — and which, less confident of success, would have been very likely to have succeeded — less sure of the result, could have made the result sure beyond a doubt. Each of these striking events is so perfectly Peter-like, that we need not his name attached to tell us who said or did thus ;

as long as it was one of the twelve, we are quite certain which one. Any hesitancy about the agent is impossible ; all minds fix at once upon a single prominent personage ; and, all this symmetry of character, without any attempt to put it in the front, nay, without any conception that the facts would ever be turned to any such account.

Circumstances appear to bring out the apostle ; events as they pass develop his soul ; his impetuous spirit places him in the foreground, beside his Master ; his headlong zeal throws the rest of the band into the shade. And the unquestionable reality of such a prominent actor invests the whole narrative with the drapery of truth ; we feel from one such test that we are dealing with real men and actual events ; we carry this conviction with us through the Acts and Epistles, as well as the Gospels ; the names there given are no longer mere names ; the personages there presenting themselves in such brief glimpses are far enough from being ideal — they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Such simple, unstudied narratives could never have been manufactured to impose upon our credulity by men, who exhibit, like children, their own weakness and worldliness in humbling contrast with the spirituality of Jesus ; no such character could

have been perfectly maintained through the utmost variety of incident with entire sameness of thought. Such is one of the inartificial testimonials which address themselves at once to all hearts, which appeal to all consciences alike, which furnish a kind of proof, often overlooked by the learned theologian, but richly blessed to the disciple's soul.

But the great thing in Peter's experience is the proof it affords, that right feeling is not enough; nor right action; nor, least of all, right conversation, a Christian profession before the church or the world; that, underlying all these as the granite underlies the crust of earth, must be right principle.

There is no danger that feeling will ever be undervalued; it is so delightful to possess, and so beautiful in manifestation; it is so easily assumed, and so generously welcomed; it is so prompted by circumstance, and ministered to by a constant Providence, as to require none of that solicitude which other parts of Christian character demand. We are all attracted to a generous, enthusiastic piety, like that of Peter; while the purity of Nathaniel sometimes chills us, and the inquiring temper of Thomas jars us like a blow. But mere feeling is like the wind which fills the sails, and if principle guide not the ship, may wreck us all upon the first rock. Feeling

ebbs and flows perpetually, while principle has the same strong, noiseless current, morning, noon, and night. Feeling is the sea-flower, now floating on the crested waves, now drooping because the tide is gone; now torn rudely off, and tossed away to perish by some sterner blast; while principle is the firm old rock, over which the waves dash without dislodging it from its bed, or disturbing its deep repose.

Feeling is a delightful friend and flatterer, an excellent helper, but a dangerous master; while principle is a counsellor, sure as the sun, like that, brightening towards the perfect day as we follow its rays. Feeling, mere feeling, betrays us to danger and surrounds us with difficulty; it bids us walk the sea, plunge needlessly into the midst of enemies, promise what we have no strength to perform; while principle will bear us through even the trial it would have taught us to avoid, and deliver from untold peril by the wholesome sense of our own weakness and the wise distrust of our untried strength.

These times of outward prosperity are thought to be times more especially requiring an awakened state of religious feeling, rather than the confirmation of religious principle, or the extension of relig-

ious charity, or the elevation of religious trust and hope.

But, I confess to an entirely different view. So many have made shipwreck, notwithstanding fervor of affection and glowing love to the Saviour, under trials they were not prepared to meet, and burdens they were not expecting to bear — so many have found a piety of emotion die out in the darkness of despair, beneath overwhelming temptations ; and have denied Jesus, as it were in his presence, while the eyes of a larger company than that of Pilate's hall turned inquiringly upon them, — that we are warned to seek something more than the kindled heart.

There is an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, which the swift eddies of life require for the vessel that would make her port at last ; there is a consecrated will, which is stronger than worlds ; a manly allegiance to duty, which is sure to win at last the confidence of men ; a fixed purpose of soul, which society reposes upon with immovable trust. And this it is which wins respect more than talent, which finds honor far beyond any wealth ; and which reaps the richest reward in a sublime serenity, shared with angels of the presence, a peace which passeth un-

derstanding, a trust undisturbed by the wreck of worlds, a joy such as only martyr-heroes and glorified apostles have known. And this I find not in Peter the disciple, but Peter the missionary preacher — not in the timid, shrinking spirit of Pilate's hall, but the fearless and world-overcoming herald of the cross at Rome.

THE CONTRAST OF OFFERINGS.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER, ESQ.

I stood within a temple's walls,
Amid a restless crowd,
No pleading eye was turn'd to Heaven,
No suppliant knee was bowed ;
They had gold and spice and glowing gems,
Bright silver like the moon ;
And the singers chanted ancient songs,
And the organ played its tune.

They brought the frankincense and myrrh,
With the stores of sunny climes,
As the humble shepherds (how unlike !)
In earth's young troublous times ;
They seemed to forget that God was there,
The Mighty One of old ;
And methought they made their sacrifice
To a deity of gold !

THE CONTRAST OF OFFERINGS.

* * * * *

Near yonder softly talking stream
An aged cottage stands,
And mocks in its simplicity
The skill that art commands ;
The fragile woodbine creepeth o'er
Its roof so old and grey,
And birds, companions of the lone,
Sing there the livelong day.

I passed me by its opened door
At evening's holy hour,
When silvery lines were on the sky
And dew on every flower ;
An old man humbly kneeled beside
A rude and rustic chair ;
A murmur played upon his lip, —
It was the voice of prayer.

* * * * *

The God of Heaven delighteth not
In the gorgeous sacrifice,
But he loves the words of grateful lips
And the glance of tearful eyes ;

He dwelleth not where wealth and pomp
Their costly gifts impart,
But taketh up his blest abode
With the meek and pure of heart.

GOD IS HERE.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

WHERE the spring flower peeps,
 With dew diadem crown'd,
And the little rill creeps
 With its silvery sound ;
Where the young grass appears,
 And the white lambs play,
And the child of few years
 Delights to stray ;
Where song-birds are fluttering
 With notes sweet and clear,
Soft voices seem uttering,
 God is here !

When the storm spirit springs
 From the dark northern caves,
And spreads his wild wings
 O'er the land and the waves ;

When the forests bow down
 As he passes by ;
When, afraid of his frown,
 The billows fly ;
When thunders are uttering
 Their voices of fear,
Deep echoes seem muttering,
 God is here !

Where the rough mountain glows
 In the summer-sun sheen,
Or the clear river flows
 Through its valley of green ;
Where the healthful breeze
 Waves the pliant grain,
Or sports with the trees
 Along the plain ;
Where cattle are lowing,
 And flocks sporting near,
Each soft sound is echoing,
 God is here !

Where the hurricane raves
 Round the rock's shatter'd crest,
And the pine foliage waves
 Round the strong eagle's nest ;

Where, with joyous leap
And stunning sound,
Down the fearful steep
Wild waters bound ;
Dread spirits supernal,
With voices of fear,
Are shouting eternally,
God is here !

The young, beautiful heart,
In its innocent mirth,
Ere it learneth the art
Or the sorrow of earth ;
When light from above
Bathes the buds of hope,
And the blooms of love
Untarnished ope ;
Sees earth all loveliness,
All hearts sincere,
And cries in its blessedness,
God is here !

To the soul that has known
Every sorrow and ill,
That is joyless and lone,
Stricken, blighted, and chill ;

That sees joy a shade,
And all earth's flowers
Frail things that will fade
In stormy hours ;
Sweetly the voice of grace
Sounds in that ear,
Come to the hiding-place, —
God is here !

The spirit that feels
All its errors forgiven,
To which Jesus reveals
The pure glories of heaven ;
Though it feels the warm glow
Of life depart,
And the blood creep slow
Through the bursting heart ;
Even in that agony,
Knoweth no fear,
But crieth exultingly,
God is here !

PROPHECIES OF NINEVEH AND BABYLON.

BY REV. A. ALEXANDER, D. D.

THE walls of Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, are said to have been a hundred feet in height, sixty miles in compass, and defended by fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet high. Diodorus Siculus relates, that the king of Assyria, after the complete discomfiture of his army, confided in an old prophecy, that Nineveh would not be taken unless the river should become the enemy of the city; that after an ineffectual siege of two years, the river, swollen with long continued and tempestuous torrents, inundated part of the city, and threw down the wall for the space of twenty furlongs, and that the king, deeming that the prediction was accomplished, despaired of his safety, and erected an immense funeral pile, on which he heaped his wealth, and with which himself, his household, and palace were consumed. The book of Nahum was avowedly

prophetic of the destruction of Nineveh ; and it is there foretold, “ that the gates of the river shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved — Nineveh of old like a pool of water — with an overflowing flood he will make an utter end of the place thereof.” The other predictions of the prophet are as literally described by the historian. He relates, that the king of Assyria, elated with his former victories, and ignorant of the revolt of the Bactrians, had abandoned himself to scandalous inaction ; had appointed a time of festivity, and supplied his soldiers with abundance of wine ; and that the general of the enemy, apprised by deserters of their negligence and drunkenness, attacked the Assyrian army while abandoned to revelling, destroyed a great part of them, and drove the rest into the city. The words of the prophet were hereby verified : “ While they were folden together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry.” Much spoil was promised to the enemy : “ Take the spoil of silver, take the spoil of gold ; for there is no end of the store and glory, out of all the pleasant furniture.” Accordingly, the historian affirms, that many talents of gold and silver, preserved from the fire, were carried to Ecbatana. The prophet declares, that the city was not

only to be destroyed by an overflowing flood, but the fire was also to devour it ; which exactly agrees with the account of the historian.

The utter and perpetual destruction of the city was thus distinctly predicted : “The Lord will make an utter end of the place thereof. Affliction shall not rise up the second time ; she is empty, void, and waste. The Lord will stretch out his hand against the north, and destroy Assyria, and will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness. How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in.” In the second century, Lucian, who was born on the banks of the Euphrates, testified that Nineveh was utterly perished — that there was no vestige of it remaining — and that none could tell where it was once situated. A late traveller, who has visited that country, testifies, “that neither bricks, stones, nor other materials of building,” are now to be seen ; but the ground is, in many places, grown over with grass, and such elevations are observable, as resemble the mounds left by the intrenchments and fortifications of ancient Roman camps ; and the appearances of other mounds and ruins less marked than even these, extending for ten miles and widely spread, and seeming to be the wreck of former buildings, show that Nineveh is left

without any monument of royalty, without any token whatever of its splendor or wealth ; that it is indeed a desolation, “empty, void, and waste ;” its very ruins perished, and less than the wreck of what it was. “Such an utter ruin,” says Bishop Newton, “has been made of it ; and such is the truth of the divine predictions.”

BABYLON.

The prophecies respecting the taking of Babylon, its utter destruction, and the complete desolation which should reign where this proud city once stood, have been remarkably fulfilled.

The very nations by whom Babylon was to be taken and destroyed, are predicted by name by the prophet Jeremiah. “Go up, O Elam ! (this was the ancient name of Persia,) besiege, O Media ! The Lord hath raised up the spirit of the kings of the Medes ; for his device is against Babylon to destroy it.” And Isaiah says, “Babylon is fallen, is fallen ; and all the graven images of her gods he hath broken unto the ground.” “Thus saith the Lord, that saith unto the deep, Be dry ; and I will dry up thy rivers ; that saith of Cyrus, he is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure. And I will loose the loins

of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates ; and the gates shall not be shut." "Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed, to subdue all nations before him."

This prediction of Isaiah, in which Cyrus is named, must have been uttered at least two hundred years before he was born, and when the Persians were an obscure and inconsiderable nation.

A confederacy having been formed between the Medes and Persians, and Cyrus having in person taken the command of the Persians, and having disciplined them with consummate skill, and inspired them with heroic courage, joined his uncle Cyaxares, (by Daniel called Darius the Mede,) and their united forces having conquered the Armenians, the Hyrcanians, the Lydians, the Cappadocians, and other allies of the king of Babylon ; and having so treated all these conquered nations as to conciliate their friendship, and add their forces to their own, they marched towards the city of Babylon. Although Cyrus commenced his military career with a small army of Persians, yet, by conquest and wise policy, his army had become exceedingly numerous before he reached the famous city. But what could be done by courage or military skill against a city so defended on every side ? This consummate general,

as soon as he had arrived on the ground with his army, made it his first business, in company with some of his chief officers, to ride entirely round the walls, and to ascertain whether there was any weak point where an assault might successfully be made. But he found every part fully secured, so that there seemed no possibility of taking the city but by a long siege. He therefore sat down before it, and dug a trench entirely around the walls, and towers were erected, and every other preparation made for a regular siege.

Thus, in the prophecy, it is said, "They camped against it round about. They put themselves in array against Babylon around about. They set themselves in array against Babylon, every man put in array."

Another important circumstance distinctly noticed in the prophecy, is, the cowardice of the Babylonians. Formerly her armies were a terror to the whole earth, and nothing could withstand their fierce courage. But now, faint-heartedness had come over them. "The mighty men of Babylon have forborne to fight. They have remained in their holds. Their might have failed, they became as women." Their timidity was manifest in their shutting themselves up; and all the challenges of their

enemies could not provoke them to come out and meet them in the open field. Xenophon relates, that Cyrus challenged the king of Babylon to decide the contest by single combat, which he declined. The people within the walls, though very numerous, made no sallies from their gates; nor did they use any efforts to disperse or annoy the besiegers.

Literally, "they remained in their hold, and the hands of the king of Babylon waxed feeble." Cyrus, as we have said, found every thing secure against assault; for what could battering rams, or other engines of war, accomplish against walls which were thirty, or, as some assert, fifty feet in thickness?

He was, therefore, not a little perplexed until the thought occurred, that an entrance might possibly be obtained by turning out of the channel the river Euphrates, which flowed through the city. This hazardous enterprise, as a last resort, was determined on, and the work was commenced, but the design was carefully concealed from the besieged; for, as Herodotus observes, if they had had the least intimation of the device, or if they had discovered the Persians while passing through, they could not only have prevented its execution, but have destroyed the whole army of Cyrus while pent up within the channel of the river. All that was necessary to

prevent the Persians from entering was, to close the gates, which gave entrance to the city through the embankment built upon both sides of the river.

To guard against the danger of discovery, Cyrus selected for the execution of this important but dangerous enterprise, the season of a great Babylonish festival, on which occasion he knew the whole population gave themselves up to revelling and drunkenness.

The river was a full quarter of a mile wide, and twelve feet deep, but there was an artificial lake in the neighborhood, prepared to receive the surplus waters, when it overflowed its banks, or where, for any other reason, it was desirable to diminish the waters of the river. The scheme succeeded to their most sanguine expectation. The channel of the river being left nearly dry, the army of Cyrus entered by night. One detachment was placed where the river entered the city, and another where it left it; and the Persian army entered so silently, and the inhabitants were so completely drowned in their drunken revels, that no alarm was sounded, and no care had been taken to close the gates leading to the river, no danger being apprehended on that side. So completely were the Babylonians surprised, that Cyrus had reached the royal palace before a

messenger arrived to tell the king that the city was taken. The noise of the invading army, at first, was not distinguished from the mad tumult of the rioters. Even the guards stationed around the palace were found intoxicated, and slain ; when the Persians rushed into the splendid hall, where Belshazzar and his thousand lords, and wives, and concubines had been drinking out of the sacred vessels of the Lord's house, which had been impiously brought forth on this occasion. But their profane mirth had already been arrested before the arrival of the victorious Persians, by the appearance of a hand, writing certain words in a strange character on the wall. This had produced the utmost consternation in all the assembly ; although none could decipher the writing, until Daniel was brought in, who quickly denounced the fatal destiny of the monarch, and the overthrow of his kingdom,—“ And in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.”

How exactly the events, described above, were predicted, will be at once seen by the following quotations from the prophets.

“ I will dry up thy sea, and make thy springs dry ; that saith to the deep, *Be dry, I will dry up thy rivers.*”

“And one post did run to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to show the king of Babylon that his city is taken at the end, and that the passages are shut.”

“But a snare was laid for Babylon. It was taken, and it was not aware. How is the praise of the whole earth surprised! For thou hast trusted in thy wickedness and in thy wisdom, and thy knowledge it hath perverted thee; therefore shall evil come upon thee, and thou shalt not know whence it ariseth; and mischief shall come upon thee, and thou shalt not be able to put it off; none shall save thee.” “In their heat I will make their feasts, and I will make them drunken, that they may rejoice, and sleep a perpetual sleep, and not awake, saith the Lord. I will make drunk her princes and her wise men, her captains and her rulers, and her mighty men, and they shall sleep a perpetual sleep.”

“The gates [i. e. those from the river to the city] were not shut. The loins of kings were loosed to open before Cyrus the two-leaved gates.”

“The king, hearing a noise and tumult without, sent some to see whence it arose; but no sooner were the gates of the palace opened, than the Persians rushed in.” “The king of Babylon heard the report of them. Anguish took hold of him.”

He and all about him perished. God had "numbered his kingdom and finished it." It was "divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

The multitude of soldiers who now entered the city, and the slaughter of the citizens in the streets, are exactly foretold: "I will fill thee with men as with caterpillars. Her young men shall fall in the streets, and all her men of war shall be cut off in that day." The number of the Persian army, which was reviewed immediately after the capture of the city, is said by Herodotus to have amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand horse, six thousand chariots of war, and six hundred thousand infantry.

Cyrus issued a proclamation that the people should remain in their houses, with strict orders to slay every person who should be found in the streets. Cyrus now became master of all the hidden treasures of Babylon. "The treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places being given into his hand," that he might know "that the Lord, which had called him by his name, was the God of Israel."

From the time of the capture of this famous city by Cyrus, her glory began to fade. God had predicted her downfall, and his word never fails. After its first conquest, it was, according to Herodotus, reduced from an imperial to a tributary city; which

seems to be foretold by the prophet, when he says,—
“Come down and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon; sit on the ground, there is no throne, O daughter of the Chaldeans.”

The next step towards the downfall of this famous city was after the rebellion against Darius. When he captured the city, he ordered the height of the walls to be reduced, and all the gates to be destroyed. To which the prophet alludes in express terms:—
“The wall of Babylon shall fall; her walls shall be thrown down.” Xerxes, after his return from his unfortunate Grecian expedition, entered the city and rifled its most valuable and sacred treasures, laid up in the Temple of Belus. This the prophet Jeremiah had foretold. “I will punish Bel in Babylon, and I will bring out of his mouth that which he has swallowed up. I will do judgment on the graven images of Babylon.”

No efforts made by the conquerors of Babylon to restore her glory, or even to prevent her decay, were at all successful. Cyrus made Babylon his usual place of residence, but his successors preferred other cities; and when Alexander conquered Babylon, it was fully his purpose to restore that city to her pristine glory, but the counsel of Jehovah was adverse. The prophet had long before signified that

all such attempts would prove ineffectual. "Take balm for their pain, if so be that she may be healed. We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed." The proximate cause of the rapid decline of Babylon was twofold; first, the turning of the river inundated the surrounding country, and filled it with stagnant pools; secondly, the building of another city in the neighborhood drew off multitudes of inhabitants, who transferred their residence and wealth from the old to the new city. Babylon also was oppressed with some of the most cruel tyrants that ever ruled over any city.

One of these, named Humerus, who lived about one hundred and thirty years before Christ, reduced many of the inhabitants to slavery on the slightest pretexts, burned the forum and some of the temples, and banished many of the people into Media.

The cruelty of the conquerors of Babylon is strongly portrayed by the inspired pen. "They are cruel both in anger and fierce wrath, to lay the land desolate." This has been in an eminent degree verified, in the Persians and Medes, the Macedonians, the Parthians, the Syrians, the Romans, and the Saracens; all of whom, in their turn, by their cruel anger and fierce wrath, assisted to render desolate this once famous city, and these once beautiful

and fertile regions. The decline of Babylon was gradual but constant.

In the second century of the Christian era nothing remained but the walls; and in the fourth century these were repaired to serve as an inclosure or park for wild beasts, and Babylon became a hunting-ground for the kings of Persia. Under the Saracens the desolation became complete, and for many ages past the following prediction has been literally fulfilled: "No man dwelleth there, and no son of man passeth by. Neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their folds there." The only remains of the former city are heaps of ruins and mounds of half decayed bricks, in exact conformity with the prediction of Jeremiah: "Babylon shall become heaps. Her foundations are fallen. She shall never be inhabited from generation to generation." "Our path," says Mignan the traveller, "lay through great masses of ruined heaps on the site of shrunken Babylon; and I am perfectly incapable of conveying an adequate idea of the dreary, lonely nakedness that appeared before us." Porter remarks, "that a silence profound as the grave, reigns throughout the ruins. Babylon is now a silent scene, a sublime solitude." According to Rauwolf, even as early as the sixteenth

century, there was not within the limits of ancient Babylon a single human habitation: "The eye," says he, "wanders over a barren desert, in which the ruins are nearly the only indication that it was ever inhabited."

"It is impossible," says Keppel, "to behold the scene, and not be reminded now exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled." As the wild Arabs inhabit the wilderness, and often visit this region, it may seem strange and improbable that they should never pitch their tent on the ruinous site of Babylon; but Mignan informs us, that nothing will induce them to remain all night near the principal mound, as they have a superstitious belief that evil spirits dwelt there. He informs us that he was accompanied by six Arabs, well armed, and accustomed to the desert; but no inducement could have prevailed on them to remain on the ground after night.

Among the ruins, travellers inform us, there are many dens of wild beasts. On the very mound, supposed to have been produced by the ruins of the Temple of Belus, Porter saw three large lions. The hyena and the jackal abound there. Who can fail to see, in these circumstances, the exact fulfilment of that prediction, — "Wild beasts of the

desert shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall be there, and satyrs shall dance there."

The western bank of the Euphrates has now disappeared, and the river, having no barrier, freely overflows the adjacent land, so that on this side a large part of the ruins of Babylon are inundated; and for a great distance, even after the river has subsided, the whole country is one continued swamp, which is entirely inaccessible to the traveller.

To this the prophet seems to have alluded, when he says, "The sea is come upon Babylon; she is covered with the waves thereof." But that which, at first view, appears to be incompatible with this description, is nevertheless true. Babylon is described by the prophets as a "dry land, a wilderness, and a desert." But the fact is, that while on one side of the river the site is inundated, on the other it is exceedingly dry, and a mere arid desert. As far as the light of history reaches, among the structures ever reared by the hands of men, the Temple of Belus seems to have been the most elevated. This temple was built on the foundation of the Tower of Babel, and, according to the lowest computation, was higher than the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids. The highest mound now among the ruins is

supposed, by discerning travellers, to be on the site of this famous temple. This ruin covers more ground than the temple did when standing. This hill is called by the Arabs *Birs Nimrud*. Of this vast ruin Sir Robert Ker Porter has given a very particular and interesting account. "On the summit of the hill are immense fragments of brickwork, of no determinate figures, tumbled together, and converted into vitrified masses." Some of these huge fragments measure twelve feet in height by twenty-four in circumference; these fragments have been entirely preserved, while every thing else is crumbled to dust, because they have been exposed to the action of the fiercest fire; they are completely molten.

The high gates of the Temple of Belus, which were standing in the time of Herodotus, have been burnt with fire. The noble palaces of Babylon, the larger of which was surrounded by three walls of great extent, have entirely disappeared. Although the strength of the walls seemed to promise durability, and almost to bid defiance to time; yet now, of these palaces, the most splendid the world ever saw, nothing but mere vestiges of the walls which surrounded them remain. The circumference of this ruin is about half a mile, and its height one hundred and forty feet; but it is a mass of confusion, the

receptacle of wild beasts and venomous reptiles. Mignan says, "On passing over the loose stones and fragments of brickwork, which lay scattered through the immense fabric, and surveying the sublimity of the ruins, I naturally recurred to the time when these walls stood proudly in their original splendor ; when the halls were the scenes of festive magnificence ; and when they resounded to the voices of those whom death has long since swept from the earth. This very pile was once the seat of luxury and vice, now abandoned to decay, and exhibiting a melancholy instance of the retribution of heaven. It stands alone. The solitary habitation of the goatherd marks not the forsaken site." "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of the viols ; the worms are spread under thee, and the worms cover thee."

In this famous city there was nothing more wonderful than the height and thickness of the walls. They were so broad, that six chariots abreast could be drawn on them, and their original height is said to have been three hundred and fifty feet. Darius lowered these walls ; but where are they now ? Not a vestige of them any where remains. It was predicted that "Babylon should be an astonishment. Every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished." How pre-

cisely this accords with the feelings of modern travellers, may be learned from their own language.

Porter says, "I could not but feel an indescribable awe, in thus passing, as it were, into the gates of the fallen Babylon."

"I cannot portray," says Mignan, "the overpowering sensation of reverential awe that possessed my mind, while contemplating the extent and magnitude of ruin and devastation on every side."

In another place Porter adds the following interesting remarks, expressive of his feelings while surveying the scene: — "The whole view was particularly solemn. The majestic stream of the Euphrates, wandering in solitude, like a pilgrim monarch, through the silent ruins of his devastated kingdom, still appeared a noble river, under all the disadvantages of its desert-tracked course. Its banks were hoary with reeds; and the gray osier willows were yet there, on which the captives of Israel hung up their harps; and, while Jerusalem was not, refused to be comforted. But how is the rest of the scene changed since then! At that time those broken hills were palaces — those long undulating mounds, streets — this vast solitude, filled with the busy subjects of the proud daughter of the east, now wasted with misery; her habitations are not to

be found, and for herself, ‘the worm is spread over her.’ ”

The Rev. Alexander Keith concludes with these pertinent remarks: “Has not every purpose of the Lord been performed against Babylon? What mortal shall give a negative answer to the questions subjoined by the author of these very prophecies? ‘Who hath declared this from ancient time? Who hath told it from that time? Have not I, the Lord? And there is no God beside me; declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient time the things that are not yet done; saying, my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.’ Is it possible there can be any attestation of the truth of the prophecy, if not witnessed here?

“The records of the human race, it has been said with truth, do not present a contrast more striking than that between the primeval magnificence of Babylon, and its long desolation. How few spots are there on earth, of which we have so clear and faithful a picture as prophecy gave of fallen Babylon, when no spot on earth resembled it less than its present desolate, solitary site! Or could any prophecies, respecting any single place, be more precise, or wonderful, or numerous, or true, or more gradually accomplished, through many generations?”

M A R Y .

BY REV. C. C. VANARSDALE, D. D.

DEAR name! — a name bless'd both by God and man !
For she whom God honor'd in mercy's great plan,
Through whom all life's glory and hope have been
given, —

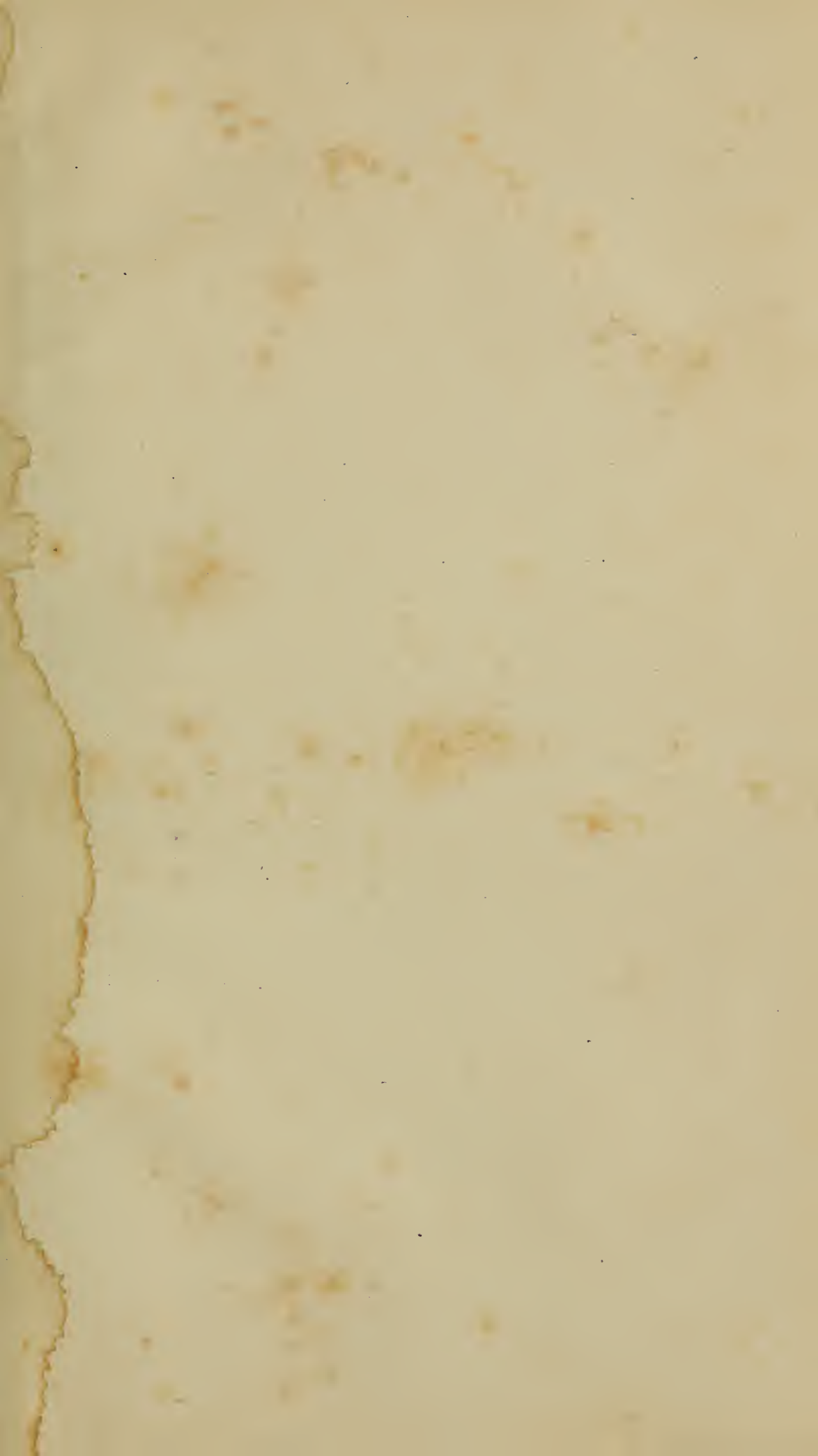
She bore that sweet name — the selected of Heaven,
Though deeply they err who their *worship* bestow
On the creature thus chosen, God's goodness to show ;
Yet dear is that name — o'er all others the best,
For Mary was mother of Jesus the blest.

And Mary again was the friend of his heart,
Who loved the pure teaching he came to impart ;
How meekly she sat at his feet, and received
Those words which gave life to the soul that believed !
How lowly and gentle the mind she displayed,
As she heard — and gladly his lessons obeyed !
“ Now Jesus loved Mary ” — the faithful, the pure —
With love which no wealth of the world can secure.

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And Mary again, at the dim dawn of day,
To the tomb of her Lord first hurried away ;
And there she stood watching, all bathed in her tears,
Till from Jesus' lips, " Mary," fell on her ears ;
That name, perhaps first, which his infant lips spoke,
Again was the first when from death he awoke ;
And Mary, the pardon'd, thus cheered by his word,
Was the first to proclaim her yet living Lord.

O thus may all those, who that blessed name bear,
To Jesus in faith and affection repair ;
May each of them hear, through the gospel, his voice,
In love saying, " Mary," and in him rejoice ;
Then bearing his cross, and obeying his word,
May they follow, like them, their glorified Lord,
Till, their lives to his service in faithfulness given,
They shall join, at their death, all those Marys in
heaven.



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